

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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LITERARY WOMEN OF AMERICA.

BY THE EDITOR.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

A NEW era has opened in the literary history of woman. One of the striking characteristics of the present age is the great number of female writers that have appeared, the wide celebrity they have attained, and the transcendent influence their writings are exerting upon the taste, the morals, the heart, and the intellect of the age. That this is a true development of womanly nature is evident from the fact, that, with some slight exceptions, their productions are addressed to the moral and religious sentiments, and contain healthy aliment for each. More spiritual and refined in her sensibilities than is the opposite sex, she has a keener and a more truthful perception of all that pertains to our emotional nature, and her delineations often prove more just and natural. We hail this development of woman's talent as one of the most auspicious indications of the time—betokening the dawn of a brighter and purer day in the world of literature.

This new development, so strongly marked, especially in American literature, is worthy the attention of the journalist, not only as an event characteristic of the age, but on account of its influence on the present and its promise for the future. The astronomer marks the progress of the sun through the heavens by the movement of its light upon the sun-dial. So would we mark the progress of this movement across the horizon of literature. Each one of the characters that appear furnishes a point of observation, and marks a new stage of progress. To this end, as well as for the interest and profit of the reader, as we pass along, we propose a series of sketches of the literary women of America.

Whether we consider the length of time she

has been recognized in the world of literature, the steady growth and permanent character of her fame as a writer, the wide celebrity she has attained, both in the new and the old world, and, above all, the number, variety, and usefulness of her productions, we know not of a more appropriate name with which to commence this series than that of Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

The town of Norwich, Connecticut, is honored as being the birthplace of Miss Huntley, afterward Mrs. Sigourney. The first inhabitants, who settled here at an early date, planted themselves in a narrow valley by the side of the little river Yantic. From this spot, however, the tide of population and business has been diverted to more convenient localities in its immediate vicinity. It is called the Old Town, to distinguish it from the parts that have more recently become populous. The place is described as being one of romantic interest. Seated in a basin formed by surrounding hills, it looks up and around upon an almost endless variety of natural scenery. Here craggy rocks, gray with age and beaten by the storms and blasts of centuries, tower above the quiet village. There sloping greens, and limpid streams, and landscape beauty greet the eye and inspire the imagination. It seemed a place designed by nature to develop the powers of the soul—to render the mind vigorous, self-reliant, and strong—and to fire the imagination with conceptions of the beautiful, the grand, the sublime. In the most picturesque part of "Old Town" Miss Huntley first breathed the vital air, September 1, 1791. Her parents were in moderate circumstances; her father devoted himself to agricultural avocations, but had not, at that time, any proprietorship in the soil. Fortunately for the genius of the daughter, while their situation was such as to beget refinement of taste and manner, it was also such as to make "industry necessary, beneficence practicable, luxury impos-

sible." Mr. Huntley was of Scotch descent, and for some time served his country as a soldier in her struggle for independence. He was a man of great probity and integrity of character, of fervent piety, of warm and earnest benevolence, and of unbroken equanimity of disposition. He pursued his daily labors with that contented and happy spirit which made his life's thread run smoothly. The genial sunshine of his heart, which beamed on all around him, continued to grow without abatement, and accumulating years had so little effect upon him, that in his eighty-eighth year it was said of him, "His mind was clear, and his step elastic. Age had sprinkled no snow upon his head or his heart. Life was bright and warm with lingering affections, yet with 'loins girt and lamp burning' he serenely waited the summons of his Lord." The maiden name of her mother was Wentworth; and her line of descent is traced back to the old Tory governors who were so highly honored for their loyalty to the crown of England. She possessed strong powers of mind, a remarkable memory, a vivid imagination, and a warm heart. Her educational opportunities had been limited, and her education was consequently defective. But the best efforts of her strong natural powers were devoted, with exceeding care and tenderness, to the nurture of her only child—the subject of this sketch. The daughter was not spoiled by overweening fondness and indulgence, but sedulously trained to habits of systematic order and persevering diligence in the tasks and duties assigned to her.

The situation in which we find the young poetess placed in early childhood—the natural scenery that surrounded her—the character and position of her parents, were admirably adapted to the development of her native powers. Even her being an only child, inducing, as it did in her case, the substitution of intellectual pleasures and pursuits for the common sports of childhood, exerted a powerful influence upon her early—almost premature development. Her precocity was remarkable. At the age of three she could read her Bible fluently and correctly. At seven the indications of her genius began to appear more distinctly, and she was often found composing verses for her amusement. One year later she had become "a scribbler of rhymes." At nine she began a fictitious work in the epistolary style, and at eleven commenced keeping a regular daily journal. Into this journal she incorporated her verses and other writings as though they were a part of the record of her life and feelings. All these scribbles, however, were kept sacredly

private. So fearful was she that some one might discover them, that she resorted to various methods of concealment. Having neither lock nor key in her possession, she would hide them under piles of books, or carefully place them away in some spot where no intruder would be likely to discover the hidden treasure.

Another circumstance connected with her early history, and exerting a powerful influence upon her whole character and subsequent career, is found in her early connection with Madam Jerusha Lathrop, widow of Dr. Lathrop, of Norwich, and daughter of Hon. John Talcott, Governor of the state from 1735 to 1741 inclusive. She was truly "a noble lady of the olden time." Mr. Huntley became her steward, and his family lived in the fine old mansion. Madam Lathrop had lost her own children while they were yet young, and she now became tenderly attached to this young and timid child that nestled beneath her roof. The attachment was mutual, and so strong did it become while Lydia Huntley was yet a child, that the two became almost inseparable companions. At this period of her life, says one, "What mind, however sagacious, would have recognized in this young girl, remarkable for the delicate richness of her cheek and the sweet docility of her disposition—as she sat in her little chair, reading aloud to her beloved benefactress from Young's Night Thoughts or Bishop Sherlock's Discourses—or curiously conning her own rude rhymes at eight years of age—or running in glee over the turf of the court-yard in front of the mansion, decked with roses and sweet-brier, of Madam Lathrop—or rushing through the spruce-arched gateway—or sweeping floors with elaborate skill—or trying to iron—or steadying the young fruit-tree that her father was planting—or dropping the garden-seeds behind him—or spinning upon her mother's great wheel—ever accompanying her industry with a happy song—who would have ever recognized in this girl the future 'Hemans of America?' Who would have guessed that she would in later years be the admired of the great—the confidential correspondent of Hannah More—the friend of Joanna Bailie and the Countess of Blessington—the recipient of costly gifts from royalty in honor of her muse—and the most famous of the female bards of her country?"

In the house of Madam Lathrop she enjoyed many advantages which the straitened condition of her parents could never have afforded her. Intercourse with one so noble could not but tend to beget a corresponding nobleness of mind and gentility of manner. Here, too, she became

acquainted with many of the distinguished personages of the time, for the princely mansion of Madam Lathrop was a favorite resort for such persons. And, perhaps, above all, here she had access to a library of select books, and was surrounded by all the blandishments of refined and chastened culture. And, besides all this, even her own mother scarcely watched over the unfolding genius of the young girl with deeper interest than did this noble Christian woman. When the timidity of the young poetess had been so far overcome, her benefactress was the constant critic to whom all her productions were submitted; and her smile of approbation and words of encouragement were the highest rewards that the young aspirant had ever conceived.

This association continued with unabated interest till Miss Huntley had attained the age of fourteen years, when she was deprived of her benefactress by death. This was the first great sorrow that had pierced her young heart, and long and sincerely did she lament it. "Nor has her mind ever lost the influence of this early association. It has kept with her through life, and runs like a fine vein through all her writings. The memory, the image, the teachings of this sainted friend seem to accompany her like an invisible presence, and wherever the scene may be, she turns aside to commune with her spirit, or to cast a fresh flower upon her grave. In the lines upon planting slips of *constancy* on the grave of a friend, found in her first publication of poems, she says:

'Seven times the sun with swift career
Has marked the circle of the year,
Since first she pressed her lowly bier;
And seven times sorrowing have I come,
Alone, and wandering through the gloom,
To breathe my lays upon her tomb.'

Being an only child, Miss Huntley was the object of the tender and yearning affection of her parents; all their earthly hopes centered in her; and all their plans of life seemed to have almost exclusive reference to her. In turn, her affection for them was no less unceasing and ardent. When, subsequently, she became the wife of a wealthy merchant in Hartford, and the mistress of a noble mansion, her parents were made the partakers of her own home; and here, beneath the roof of their loved and cherished daughter, blessed by her filial love, both of them peacefully closed their eyes in their last and long sleep.

After the death of Madam Lathrop, her young protegee found an equally true friend and an equally faithful benefactor in her nephew, Daniel Wadsworth, of Hartford, a man of great wealth, and

of equal refinement and benevolence of character. To him she had been commended by her benefactress, and from him did she constantly receive protecting care and encouragement.

Miss Huntley's early ambition was to become a teacher. Referring to her childhood's days, she says, "My own predominant desire, lowly yet persevering, and coeval with the earliest recollections, was to *keep a school*. In the most cherished and vivid pencillings of fancy, I was ever installed in the authority and glory of a school-mistress, counseling, explaining, or awarding premiums, always listened to, regarded, and obeyed. Nor were these dreamings quite destitute of vitality. As they created a deeper indwelling in the profession which I had secretly chosen, they gave also some practical preparation for it." How often it is that in these predilections of childhood, "coming events cast their shadows before," with reference to the coming life of activity! It is said that the favorite sport of Hannah More, in her childhood, was, in her coach manufactured by her imagination out of a chair, "to go up to London and see bishops, and booksellers." That of Mrs. Sigourney was "to keep school."

When she became of sufficient age, she was sent to "the district school," which consisted of some seventy scholars. Here she was distinguished for the ease and thoroughness with which her lessons were acquired. Her love of study was passionate, and her devotion to it unremitted and intense. Only a few years since Mrs. Sigourney said, "I now recall with fresh pleasure the intense industry of that period of life, when, after the close study of a long winter evening, my books were laid under the pillow at retiring, as sentinels, lest the newly acquired ideas should chance to escape. They were also consulted at the dawning light, if, in the solitary recitation of lessons to myself as a teacher, aught of doubt or of hesitation occurred." Another writer, referring to the early period of her school-training, says, "Then the sexes were not, contrary to the law of nature as developed in the family, penned up apart, to take away from one the stimulus of masculine strength, and from the other the softening influences of female delicacy. We remember that we once heard Mrs. Sigourney say, that one of the most profitable periods of her early culture, was that in which she, with several other young ladies, successfully struggled to retain their places with honor in a class containing several young men of talent, who were pursuing at school the studies of the first year in Yale College." One of the young gentlemen of this class was Jabez W. Huntington, afterward a judge of

the Supreme Court of the state, and also a member of the senate of the United States. Another was the Hon. Henry Story, an eminent lawyer in the same state. It is doubtful which sex derived the greatest advantage from this spur to industry and intellectual activity.

Her first attempt at school-teaching was in a private room in the apartments of her parents, and her school consisted of two young ladies. She spent six hours daily with them, being as thorough and rigid in her instructions and examinations as though a whole class were profiting by her labors.

Having now satisfied herself of her mission as a teacher, she was desirous of acquiring a more thorough preparation for her work. For this purpose, in company with a dear female friend, Miss Ann Maria Hyde, she spent some time in Hartford, and at the close of her term she returned to Norwich, and, in company with her friend, opened a school for young ladies. Here the two met with great success. A large class was gathered under their instruction. "Into this circle," says one who enjoyed their instructions, "they cast not only the affluence of their well-stored minds, and the cheering inspiration of youthful zeal, but all the strength of their best and holiest principles. Animated, blooming, happy, linked affectionately, arm in arm, they daily came in among their pupils, diffusing love and cheerfulness, as well as knowledge, and commanding the most grateful attention and respect. Pleasant it is to the writer of this sketch, to review those dove-like days—to recall the lineaments of that diligent, earnest, mind-expanding group; and to note again the dissimilarity so beautifully harmonious, between those whom we delighted to call our sweet *sister-teachers—the two inseparables, inimitables.*" This school enterprise was continued two years, when the two parted to pursue the same occupation, indeed, but in different spheres. A year or two later Miss Hyde was taken away in the midst of her usefulness and promise. Her memory was sacredly cherished by her companion, and often has her pen been employed to honor her virtues and her talents.

In 1814, on the invitation of Mr. Wadsworth, Miss Huntley transferred her residence to Hartford, and under his auspices she opened a school for young ladies. Her residence here was in the mansion of Madam Wadsworth, the mother of her patron, where she enjoyed every advantage of refined society, and every means of intellectual culture. Her habit of composing verses was observed by Mr. Wadsworth, and at his instance her fugitive pieces were gathered together—both

himself and his estimable wife assisting in their preparation for the press—and published in 1815, under the title of "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse." The publication, under the excellent management of Mr. Wadsworth, was quite successful, and, it is said, yielded a larger profit than she ever realized from a single edition of any one of her subsequent works. The entire sum was presented to her aged and straitened parents, as the first-fruits of the genius they had so carefully cultivated.

In 1819 Miss Huntley was married to Mr. Charles Sigourney, a merchant of Hartford. Mr. Sigourney is descended from a Huguenot family, who emigrated to this country on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. In his earlier life, it is said, he possessed strong predilections for literature, and cultivated it with great ardor. He had been for many years a successful man of business, an active member of the Episcopal Church, and a zealous friend and patron of the Trinity College, located in Hartford. The beautiful spot where the favored couple made their home, was long known as "the Sigourney Place," and perhaps is to the present day. It was a place where the muses might delight to make their visits, and their inspiration would be felt to be in harmony with the scene.

Mrs. Sigourney had now fairly entered upon her literary career. Her second work was a biographical sketch of, and a just tribute to, her early and worthy companion, Miss Hyde. In 1822 she published her "Traits of the Aborigines of America," a poem in five cantos, and, two years later, a prose work, "Connecticut Forty Years Since." From that time forward her prolific pen has been busied in contributions, not merely to American, but also to English literature; for her works early found their way across the Atlantic, and, in spite of the ill-natured and ill-mannerly growling of some of John Bull's bull-dog critics, found considerable favor among the English people. Her productions, in both prose and poetry, are numerous—numbering now not less than forty-one volumes. Aside from her poems, her books for children, her "Letters to Mothers," "Letters to my Pupils," and "Letters to Young Ladies" are among the most popular of her productions.

Of the latter work the following anecdote, showing the wide extent of her usefulness and the appreciation in which her productions are held where it would have been but little expected, is worthy of being placed upon record. The story is on this wise. Some eight or ten years since, an American gentleman was traveling in a stage-

coach through a rustic part of Scotland. "His *compagnon du voyage* chanced to be a young Scotch lassie of considerable vivacity and intelligence. A stage-coach acquaintance was the natural result of circumstances, and the gentleman was soon known to be an American. The first question put by the young girl, after she had made this discovery, was, 'Have you ever seen Mrs. Sigourney?' The gentleman claimed the honor of an acquaintance with the American authoress, and a lively conversation ensued respecting her. The young lady expressed her ardent admiration of her works; but the gentleman was somewhat surprised to find that that admiration was founded as much on her 'Letters to Young Ladies' as on her poetry. The genial kindness expressed in that little volume had touched the young girl's heart, and its author was her *beau idéal* of a woman."

In 1840 she visited England and the continent of Europe. Here she spent a year, passing the summer in England and Scotland, and the winter in Paris. In London she published two volumes—one containing her selected poems superbly illustrated—which were highly spoken of by the critics, and well received by the British public. She was well received in the literary circles of the old world, and treated with marked distinction. While in Paris she wrote a piece "in honor of the magnificent celebration of the return of Napoleon's remains from St. Helena." It attracted much attention, and American genius was honored with the present of a magnificent bracelet from the Queen of France. After her return to this country, Mrs. Sigourney gave an account of her tour, and of her impressions of persons and things in the old world, in a volume entitled, "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands." About the same time her "Pocahontas and other Poems" was also given to the world.

When she was about setting sail for Europe, before bidding her children farewell, she took them to the graves of their grandparents, and there pledged them to protect and cultivate the flowers she had planted upon the sacred spot. The poem composed on the occasion is so full of tender pathos, so expressive of natural and holy feeling, and, at the same time, so touchingly plaintive, that it finds an open door into the innermost soul of every one capable of appreciating such sacred sentiments. Taken in connection with the circumstances of its origin, it gives such a beautiful illustration of the pure and holy sentiments that pervade her own heart, and give tone and character to her muse, that our readers will be pleased to see it entire:

"We've set the flow'rets where ye asleep,
Father and mother dear,
Their roots are in the verdure deep,
Their petals bear a tear.
The tear-drop of the dewy eve
Each trembling casket fills,
Mix'd with that essence of the heart
That filial love distills.

Mother! above thy lowly couch
I've set thy favorite flower,
The bright-eyed purple violet,
That decked thy summer bower;
The fragrant camomile, that spreads
Its tendrils, fresh and green,
And richly brooders every niche
The velvet turf between.

I kiss'd the timid violet,
That drooped its stranger head,
And called it *blessed*, thus to grow
So near my precious dead.
And when my ventures path shall lead
Across the deep, blue sea,
I bade it in its beauty rise
And guard these graves for me.

Mother! there was no other hand
To do this deed for thee;
No other nursing claimed thy care,
Or fondly climbed thy knee.
And, father! that endearing name,
No infant lip but mine
E'er breathed, to wake thy tender prayer
At morn, or eve's decline.

O! spare to pluck these sacred plants,
Ye groups that wander nigh,
Where summer sunsets fire with gold
The gorgeous western sky,
That when your sleep is in the dust,
Where now your footsteps tread,
Some grateful hand the rose may train
Around your peaceful bed!"

The noble and generous Wadsworth was gathered to his fathers, at the ripe age of seventy-seven, in 1848. Her Monody on his death is a noble tribute to his memory—alike celebrating the virtues of his character and evincing the lofty genius of his protegee. We can not resist the temptation to append the following stanza:

"O friend! thou didst o'er-master well
The pride of wealth, and multiply
Good deeds not alone for the good of man,
But for heav'n's judging pen,
And clear, omniscient eye.
And surely where 'the just made perfect' dwell,
Earth's voice of highest eulogy
Is like the bubble of the far-off sea;
A sigh upon the grave,
Scarce moving the frail flowers that o'er its surface wave."

In 1850 Mrs. Sigourney was called to suffer the great bereavement of her life. She was the mother of two children, a son and a daughter. Her son, Andrew M. Sigourney, was a child of early and promising development. And child-

hood's early promise was just beginning to be realized in early manhood, when he was stricken by disease and death. Of this son Mrs. Sigourney has published an affecting memorial, entitled, "The Faded Hope." He died leaving behind him evidences of a pious and holy trust in God. Only a parent who has been thus bereaved, can realize what blighting of hope and what anguish of heart were comprised in that sad and great bereavement. But "she who brought him into the world, and loved him as her own soul, was strengthened to kiss the cold damps from his forehead, and close his unquivering eyelids. Over the immovable features there came afterward an exceeding beauty, such as they had never worn while he was a dweller in these tents of clay. Lifelike, and untinged by 'decay's effacing fingers,' it seemed to speak the glorious liberty of the sons of God." The incidents of his childhood, the methods adopted for the early development of his mind, and the right training of his heart by a devoted mother, his own youthful thoughts and scribbings, as well as plans and aspirations, and the touching incidents of his decline and death, make the "Faded Hope" alike interesting and suggestive.

Mrs. Sigourney is still ardently devoted to literary pursuits, as is evident from the fact that she is not only a contributor to some of the best magazines of the day, but within the past two years no less than four volumes from her diligent pen have been given to the public, and one—"Sayings for the Little Ones and Poems for their Mothers"—at the time of this writing, is just being issued from the press. Her literary correspondence is very large, and necessarily occupies a considerable portion of her time. Indeed, we have noticed that in a single year her correspondence required of her the writing of nineteen hundred letters. Great industry, method, and punctuality are striking traits of her character, and reveal the secret of her being able to accomplish so much in so short a time and with so little apparent injury to her bodily health and elasticity of spirits.

Yet even these literary labors have not engrossed her whole time. She gives practical demonstration that genius and literature are not incompatible with the proper discharge of the indispensable duties of the mother and the mistress of a household. She devoted herself personally to the education of her children—not even committing her son to the superintendence of another till he was ten years of age; and the mother became convinced that it would be salutary for him "to acquire somewhat more self-

reliance than the sheltering indulgence of domestic nurture is wont to teach." It has been well said of her that "she has sacrificed no womanly or household duty, no office of friendship or benevolence for the society of the muses. That she is able to perform so much in so many varied departments of literature and social obligation, is owing to her diligence. She acquired in early life that lesson—simple, homely, but invaluable—to make the most of passing time. Hours are seeds of gold; she has not sown them on the wind, but planted them in good ground, and the harvest is consequently a hundred fold." Worthy of double honor is our noble country-woman, who has thus given to all lady aspirants to the walks of literature a beautiful example of the harmony that may subsist between the highest development of genius and the daily exercise of womanly duties.

We had intended to give some critical remarks upon the genius and writings of Mrs. Sigourney along with this sketch, but our article has already grown to such a length that we must defer them to our next number. We will close for the present, then, with a personal notice of this distinguished woman, written some five or six years since; but as appropriate now, for aught we know, as when first written. "She has now arrived at full maturity of age, yet her complexion still retains a soft, ruddy glow, and her brown hair has not a speck of gray. Her profile is unusually classical. Her eyes are of a light gray. Her expression is the soul of amiability, and years have not affected the freshness of her spirit or the sparkle of her mind. Summery and genial as the air of June, her disposition is such as to win the stranger and attach friends to her as with cords of steel. May she live long to honor—by her character and genius—the women of America!"

WHAT THERE IS IN HISTORY.

MAN is in history—its most wonderful, and often its most perplexing phenomenon. Angels are in history—opening its mysterious seals, sounding its awful trumpets, and pouring forth its dreadful vials. Satan is in history—ever active to suggest what is evil, arrest what is good, or overthrow what is holy, pure, permanent, divine. Yes, God is in *all history*, whether he be seen or not; in its minutest winding, in its gentlest ripple, and in its roaring cataracts, in its longest chapter and in its shortest paragraph, at your festivals and funerals, beside the baby's cradle and above the monarch's throne.

TO MY WIFE,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY BIRTHDAY.

BY A. HILL.

I'm thirty-nine to-day, love,
 And stand in manhood's prime,
 And pause upon my way, love,
 To mark the flight of time.
 One-half, and that the best, love,
 Of my brief life is past;
 It used to seem too slow, love,
 But now it flies too fast.
 I've traveled up the hill, love,
 And cull'd life's sweetest flowers;
 I've wandered through the vale, love,
 And passed some happy hours.
 I've angled in the stream, love,
 And sailed upon the sea,
 And many precious hours, love,
 Have whiled away with thee.
 I've frolick'd in my youth, love,
 Upon the village green;
 But that was long ago, love,
 And years have rolled between.
 My mates have passed away, love,
 But few of them remain;
 Yet I would not go back, love,
 To be a boy again.
 Of kindred, some remain, love,
 To cheer me on my way;
 While others in their graves, love,
 Have slept for many a day.
 I seem to see their faces, love,
 Those dear ones of my heart,
 And feel again the pang, love,
 Compelling us to part.
 They come at memory's call, love,
 And group around me here;
 Their voices are so sweet, love,
 I'm pleased to have them near.
 A gentle mother's eyes, love,
 Seem beaming from on high,
 And brothers, sisters, father, love,
 Await me in the sky.
 I've felt the pang of grief, love,
 And know the thrill of pain;
 But find a sweet relief, love,
 In friends that still remain.
 And when the world goes hard, love,
 Amidst its din and strife,
 I have thee by my side, love,
 My noble-hearted wife.
 I'm thirty-nine to-day, love,
 And in the noon of life;
 I have a cherub child, love,
 And home, so free of strife.
 And not the least of all, love,
 For which my thanks are given,
 Are blessings like to these, love,
 To help me on to heaven.

I'm thirty-nine to-day, love,
 My locks are coming gray,
 And other marks of age, love,
 With each successive day;
 But my heart is young as ever, love,
 And thou as dear to me,
 As when, a humble suitor, love,
 I gave myself to thee.
 I'm hoping for a place, love,
 In yonder blissful clime,
 When we have passed away, love,
 Beyond the bounds of time.
 The "race" is very short, love;
 The "fight" will soon be o'er,
 God grant that we may meet, love,
 On that delightful shore!

THE SKATER.

BY G. M. KELLOGG, M. D.

On glittering fields of glassy ice,
 In the merry Christmas days,
 The skater buckles his skates in a trice,
 And skims through the morning haze;
 He shakes each clod of earth from his limbs,
 And sweeps like a tireless wing,
 As a bird through the summer ether swims,
 And cuts as true a ring.
 From clear cut lines he may not swerve—
 Like the swallow's is his flight;
 Or he swings in the eagle's mighty curve,
 As it stoops from its mountain height;
 Now he girds himself for a keener race—
 A race with the arrowy wind;
 Like a furnace glows his eager face,
 For he leaves it far behind.
 His trim young waist, so supple and neat,
 And lithe as a poplar now,
 Inclines to the spring of his winged feet,
 With many a swing and bow;
 And full is he of muscular grace,
 As he swiftly turns his reel,
 And fanciful figures can airily trace,
 As he spins on his whirling heel.
 Like an arrow shot from a bow of might,
 He cleaves the icy air;
 Like a meteor shot across the night,
 His course is fleet and fair.
 With the tempered steel to his flying heel,
 He cuts before the breeze,
 While nerves in his glowing body feel
 The tension of ecstasies.
 With his swaying form his course he speeds,
 Like the hawk on high, still wing,
 And on to the goal the way he leads,
 As he floats in an easy swing.
 As Christmas king long, long ago,
 The skater's brow was bound;
 Old Winter gave him a wreath of snow,
 With icy spangles crowned.

I'LL RISK IT.

BY REV. M. N. OLMSTED.

ONE fine Sabbath morning in the spring of 1853, as one of the pilgrims of Zion was journeying to the house of God, to join with others in the worship of his sanctuary, he observed a neighbor cultivating his garden. As every Christian should, he kindly admonished him of the fearful responsibility of deliberately transgressing one of the commands of the decalogue, which says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," pointing him onward to the hour of death and to the judgment scene, where his sin would surely find him out and visit him with merited punishment. "Well," said the man, "*I'll risk it.*" Few would dare to utter such fearful language in word, but in practice there are thousands who do it every day.

Behold that miser with his bags of shining gold. He counts their contents over and over again. He rises early, and toils late, and deprives himself of almost every comfort for the sake of gold. The frosts of many winters have whitened his locks; time has furrowed his once fair cheek, his step falters, his eye grows dim, his intellect fails, and a voice from the word of God admonishes him—that he "can not serve God and mammon," and that he must renounce the world or sink to endless perdition. But he clutches the golden treasure, exclaiming, "*I'll risk it!*"

Look at that man of noble bearing entering that gilded saloon, where the "wine is red, and giveth his color in the cup, and moveth itself aright." He quaffs the poisonous beverage, while the relentless habit daily increases upon him. Each draught is as the additional web of the spider thrown around its victim. He is solemnly admonished by the word of God of the horrors of a drunkard's grave. A beloved wife or sister weeps over him, pointing to the end of some of his comrades, expressing fears that his course will result in a similar fate, and that "*at the last it will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.*" But he breaks away from the expostulation of his dearest friends, and madly rushes to the intoxicating cup, exclaiming, "*I'll risk it!*"

See that young man entering that scene of amusement. Enchanting music invites, and the gayety of the scene charms him onward. Merry feet trip lightly to the sound of the viol. Anon a volley of mirth and laughter bursts forth and rises amid the group, and mingles with the striking of the midnight clock, which rings out the death knell of another murdered hour. As the sound dies away, Conscience whispers in his ear,

in the language of Solomon, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: *but know thou that, for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.*" But he stops his ears and dances along, singing, as he goes, "*I'll risk it.*"

Gaze for a moment at yonder votary of fashion. The Creator has endowed her with a most graceful form and well-turned features—with a brilliant intellect, capable of abundant usefulness; yet she labors incessantly to *improve* her person. How well she succeeds may be seen in her pale features, her languid eye, and distorted figure. Occasionally the hectic flush sits upon her cheek, her appetite fails, and other symptoms of a kindred character appear as precursors of a speedy dissolution. The physician and loved friends caution her to abandon the follies of fashion. She is admonished by the early victims which have fallen around her, as well as by the word of eternal Truth, that that frail tenement, however much it may be decorated, will soon become food for the unfeeling worm, while the neglected soul, in all its naked deformity, must soon stand before the eternal Judge and meet its final doom. But, like the butterfly, she flits along, exclaiming, "*I'll risk it.*"

Once more. Behold that gathering crowd at the sanctuary. One exclaims, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." Another, burdened with sin, and writhing under the lashes of a guilty conscience, cries out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" while a giddy throng sport with eternal things, and laugh to scorn those who worship the living God. The man of God delivers his message, inviting all to the fountain of mercy, where the chief of sinners may obtain complete redemption, and "beseeches them in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God." He closes his address with a thrilling warning to those who trifle with, or even "*neglect this great salvation.*" But as the multitude retires the shrill notes of this giddy throng peal forth, bidding defiance to the claims of God and the terrors of perdition, "*I'LL RISK IT.*"

BORROWED LIGHT.

BY E. GEORGE ADAMS, A. M.

WHEN the sun flings down his glorious crown
At the feet of the conqueror, Night;
Each star steals a gem from that diadem,
And shines with a stolen light.

GHOST STORIES.

BY ALICE CARY.

NUMBER II.

NEARLY a year was gone since the time of our meeting Amos in the sugar-camp, and the narration of his curious story. He was done enacting tricks, done telling stories to frighten and bewilder his listeners; and if there was any truth in him he was come to it, for he was gone to that country whence no traveler returns—gone to the presence of the Searcher of hearts. Let us hope he found that mercy which here he bestowed not upon himself; for surely he was his own worst enemy, dealing always harder by himself than he was dealt by.

One way and another he had been the cause of much ill-feeling and ill-fortune in the neighborhood, and yet, as I have before intimated, he was guiltless of premeditated evil.

If he met a timid school-boy he could not resist the temptation of telling him it was an hour or two later than it really was; that he had just passed the school-house and seen the master cutting a switch big enough to goad an ox, and looking in the very direction the belated boy might be expected; or some similar fabrication he would make to send the child needlessly hurrying and fretting on his way. For such boys as loved bird-nesting, he had always some wonderfully pleasing account; and though his character for story-telling was well known, he had ever some new device to deceive the listener, and make him think he, of all the world, was the one Amos best liked—the person selected by him as the repository of his truth-telling.

I remember once when we were gathering nuts in the woods a little way from the school-house, watching for the rap of the master on the window-shutter, for it was nearly time for the afternoon school to begin, Amos Hill came suddenly among us. He was holding his hands tightly against his forehead when we first saw him, and, approaching, said, "O dear, children, how sick I am!" After a little he sat down on the grass and then lay down, drawing himself up as one in pain, and groaning and moaning to himself piteously.

We all crowded around and asked what was the matter, and, pressing his hand now on his head, now on his side, and now striking them together as one in terrible misery, he told us he had nearly killed himself, he believed, by falling from a tall tree a mile and a half away, in which he had climbed to get a nest of red-birds; that an old woman of the neighborhood, whom we all

knew, named Ann Stacy, had offered him ten dollars for a pair of red-birds, and that he had been at great pains to find them.

We all knew the tree, for it was the tallest one for miles about, and was known by the name of the high oak, and we knew Miss Ann Stacy was a great lover and collector of birds; and, besides, how could we doubt the truth of a man suffering as Amos was! He professed himself a little easier presently, but said he didn't care for the birds nor for any thing else, if he could only live to get home; and that if any of the boys were a mind to go and carry the birds to Ann Stacy, they were welcome to the price of them; he had laid the nest at the root of the tree, and that there were two birds in it nearly large enough to fly. Feeling in his pocket, he seemed not to find his handkerchief, upon which he said, "O, I forgot! I spread it over the nest to keep the birds safe; it was a good handkerchief, but the boy that gets there first may have it."

A number of the boys now looked wistfully at the school-house and whispered one to another, that if it were not so near school-time they would go.

Hearing this, Amos said it was no where near the time for school to begin; that as he passed Squire Smith's saw-mill a few minutes before, the men were just going to dinner, and that we could tell by the shadows it was not near school-time. As he talked he groaned, wishing it was later, so the market people would be returning from town, and some of them take him up and carry him home.

A dozen boys set off at once eager to secure the birds, and racing for the sake of the handkerchief, which Amos had said was a very good one. They were no sooner out of sight than the young man said to us who were left with him, that he felt greatly worse, and believed he was going mad, upon which he began to bite at the grass and the air, and then in a hideous tone warned us to fly from him, as he believed he should eat some of us up in a minute more. Afraid of our lives we ran, one over another, and Amos after us, snapping his teeth together and growling like a mad dog.

In the hollow near the school-house he fell fell down to die, as we supposed, and with hair wildly tossed and teeth chattering we gained the master's protection just at the right moment. A stern, hard man was our master; and when we told him Amos was dying in the hollow, he said nobody would be the loser, and went on with the lessons as though nothing had chanced. The girls whose brothers had gone for the birds,

suffered not a little in view of their protracted absence, and the long, limber switch which lay on the master's desk, and which he eyed occasionally as though it gave him great satisfaction.

I need scarcely say that Amos betook himself to his feet, and went home elated with the uncommonly good joke he had played off, and they—the boys—returned at a late hour—having found neither birds nor handkerchief—trembling and sweating, more from the fear of the rod than any thing else.

I remember once the father of Amos, a good and worthy man, when about making a journey, ordered a new coat to be made at the village tailor's, for the old one had quite served out its time. When the day of departure came, and all else was in readiness, Arhos was dispatched in great haste to bring home the new coat; but hour after hour the carriage waited at the door, and not a little impatient the good old man waited too. At last came a boy with a bundle, sent by Amos, as he said. It was enough like the young man to keep his father waiting so, but no further annoyance was suspected, and carefully packing away the parcel supposed to contain the new coat, the old gentleman set out on his journey, and not till the time came when he wished to appear unusually well was the discovery made that the graceless son had appropriated the new coat, and sent home his own old one to his father. But I need not instance more of his tricks, or dwell further on the general worthlessness rather than wickedness that characterized him.

Nearly a year, as I said, had gone since our meeting him in the sugar-camp: it was middle winter—a bright moonlight and pleasant for the time of year. The cows were in their sheds, the chickens on the roost, and we children sitting before a great blazing fire of hickory logs wishing for snow to fall, and that a new sled would make itself and stand right before the door in the morning, with a nice bed full of straw, and having a fine coverlid over all. But the wish was no sooner perfected than we amended it by wishing the sled might turn into a sleigh, painted green or red, and having a great brown buffalo-robe over the seat; and further, that the seat might prove a money box, full of gold as it could be, and that we might go to town and buy new dresses at the cost of a thousand dollars per yard, and that the box might still be just as full, and, in fact, never get any the lower, though we should buy a million of things at equally extravagant charges. Our pleasant fancies were pleasantly interrupted by a loud rapping on the door, and presently by the entrance of Nathan

Baxter and his wife, Jenny Baxter—or uncle Nat and aunt Jenny, as they were familiarly called by the young folks of the neighborhood. They were come to pass the evening and take supper at our house, as was, with country people, the custom of the times. They were not formal calls, which the neighbors made upon each other in those days, and in dress for the finest effect without any reference to comfort; nor did a few formal phrases, for the concealment of feeling and not the expression of it, make up the conversation. All was genuine. What had been seen, and felt, and thought, was given in exchange for what had been seen, and felt, and thought.

What a glad surprise their coming was to us all, and with what a cordial sincerity aunt Jenny smiled and said she had been wanting to come for the last six months, but that for one while she had no dress that was really nice, and then she waited for a new cap; for that when she got one nice thing she wanted another to wear with it, and that having the cap at last her shoes were given out, and so one thing after another had kept her home, greatly against her will, and that she was come at last without every thing she would have liked to have. All this she said and a great deal more, as she untied her close-fitting, white satin bonnet, and unpinned and folded her drab-colored shawl. Not that aunt Jenny was a Quakeress; she simply wore this plain dress as most becoming to her years and position. A smiling, rosy face she had, and a smooth, white brow, that had never seen a wrinkle of care or sorrow; for she regarded this world as a very good sort of place, and esteemed herself as in a good degree necessary to the general well-being of things; not that her self-esteem was so inordinate; it is probable, however, that Mrs. Jenny Baxter had, at various times and on various occasions, whispered Mrs. Jenny Baxter, that she was the chief pillar of the Church, and the leader of the neighborhood society. I am not sure but this comfortable assurance which Mrs. Baxter had made Mrs. Baxter tended to make her all the pleasanter companion and more useful woman.

That so much responsibility rested upon her, caused her to weigh and consider things before action or utterance, and gave to her manner a kind of pomposity which I am sure was quite unaffected. At any rate she was to me one of the pleasantest visitors we ever had, and the white ribbons of her cap, and the white kerchief, neatly pinned across her bosom, and her smoothly ironed black flannel dress gave me real pleasure. There was an appropriateness in whatever

she assumed, whether her garment were of wool or silk, that made some less fortunate people call her proud and stylish.

Plainer, by a good many degrees, was uncle Nathan, and older by a good many years—a little bent man with a wrinkled face and thin white hair he was, and the father of half a dozen children that aunt Jenny was not the mother of; and why so pretty a young woman married an old widower was a matter of some curious speculation when she first came into the neighborhood. I do not pretend to have understood this matter better than other people; but that she was a good and faithful wife to uncle Nathan was certainly true. He grew straighter and stronger, smiled more and sighed less after she became his helpmate, and lived at least a dozen years longer with than he would have done without her.

The fire was replenished, the candle snuffed and another one lighted by way of welcoming and honoring our visitors, and our nearest neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Claverel, were sent for.

Uncle Nathan keeping his broad-brimmed hat on his head, which, by reason of baldness, was always cold, drew up close to the fire, and, leaning on his stout walking-stick, engaged in conversation about the weather and the facilities the fine moonlight afforded for visiting, the prospects for wheat, the general health of the neighborhood, etc.

Aunt Jenny was warm enough and rather drew away from the fire, as she took from her work-basket some blue and white spotted yarn, and began the knitting of a small stocking for one of the afore-mentioned half dozen children. She had thought at first she would make the yarn red and white, she said, as she had always admired red stockings for children; but on further consideration she had feared the red would fade and look worse in the end than the blue. She had knitted the mate of the one she proposed then to make, she told us, while watching a few nights before with the corpse of Amos Hill. At the mention of this watch uncle Nathan groaned loud and long; we could not understand why at first, for Amos was not one to be much mourned for, certainly not by those in no way connected with him.

"It was the awfulest thing I ever saw," he said, directly. "I always expected the devil would get him, but I did not expect to see him come for him as I did."

"Well, Nathan, the old fellow has got his match, if he has got him," said aunt Jenny, and here came in all the history of the young man's life, each one recounting the tricks and falsehoods

they had known him to be guilty of up to the time of his death, which had been sudden and violent. Whether in his last moment any thought had reached itself out toward heaven was unknown, for he had died and made no sign. Mr. and Mrs. Claverel now came in, and the circle about the fire was widened, and after an interval devoted to the interchange of gladness and good wishes, the talk about Amos was taken up again; for in the country a death in the neighborhood darkens, for a time, the sunshine of every household.

"I thought Amos was not long for this world for some time before he died," said uncle Nathan.

"Why so?" asked my father, "he looked healthy enough."

Uncle Nathan, who was a firm believer in dreams, and omens, and ghosts, and the like, replied, that one night during the last summer he had dreamed of seeing Amos ride a white horse through the air, and that standing still to look at him he vanished away. Mr. Claverel, who was in no way given to mysticism, laughed outright at this, but said he himself had had a token more curious than the dream. A week previous to his death he had met Amos as he was going to market, and the young man had told him where he could dispose of the load of oats he was carrying to town on advantageous terms, and that calling at the place indicated he had found the information correct.

Mrs. Claverel, who wore a mourning-ribbon on her cap, and an apron of black silk, in memory of a blue-eyed little girl who the last fall had gone out to play with her sisters and never come back alive, looked all the more grave for the light words of her husband, and said she doubted not but there were such things as warnings, both in dreams and out of dreams. "You know, Samuel," she added, "about the 'land' you missed last year."

Mr. Claverel looked grave, too, now, adding, "Well, Dolly, I don't know, may be there are such things."

"Had you any premonition previous to the demise of your little one?" asked aunt Jenny, precisely and formally, but not the less kindly.

And Mr. Claverel here explained that in sowing his oats the spring past he had missed a "land," which, to own the truth, had caused him some uneasy sensations, and the more for that his little daughter, Adeline, had said one day, seeing the bare ground in the midst of the green grain, that she believed it was a real true sign some body was going to die.

The field of grain had grown opposite our

house, and often and often, by one and another, the land missed in sowing had been remarked, and the superstition attaching to such a mistake dwelt upon, so that we had come to regard it almost as an augury, and the death of little Adeline, shortly after the harvest was gathered, as its fulfillment.

The graveyard where she was buried was not more than a quarter of a mile from Mr. Claverel's house; and when good Mrs. Claverel told how their watch-dog had gone there day after day all the past summer, and howled so loud and so lonesome, and that she had felt it a confirmation of her previous fear, uncle Nathan said the howling of a family dog, without any unusual provocation, was a sign of death which he had never known to fail.

All merriment was effectually subdued by the allusion to little Adeline, for all of us had remarked the howling of the dog and the missed land, and all had known, too, the pretty little girl whose death had been, as her mother believed, thus distinctly foretold. The candles and the fire grew dim without notice being taken of them, and the wind moaned at the windows in keeping with the solemn tone of the conversation.

Uncle Nathan related how the night on which his first wife died he was sitting by her bedside at midnight, when there fell a loud knocking on the door of the parlor, which surprised him not a little, inasmuch as it was not the door at which people were accustomed to seek entrance; and that taking with him the candle he opened the door, but found no one there. "It was the wind likely, or Amos Hill at most, feigning to be a ghost," said my father, who had small faith in those impersonal creatures.

"I wish I could think so," said uncle Nathan, and he went on to tell us that he had not only seen ghosts with his own mortal eyes, but that he had heard their footsteps and other more fearful and unmistakable evidences of their proximity. Here he groaned a believing and lamenting groan, and said he wished we could all have seen what he saw, watching with the corpse of Amos. Of course there was a good deal of anxiety expressed to know what uncle Nathan had seen, upon which, with a manner of the utmost sincerity, he related the following.

"It was about midnight, and I sat half asleep by the fire, and trying to drown, with good thoughts, the wicked talk of the two men who watched with me—comrades of the dead they had been, and are, I believe, more lost than he, if possible—when all thought of sleep was driven away by the noise of loud shuffling, and opening

my eyes I saw, to my horror and astonishment, that they had turned back the lid of the coffin, leaving the dead man's face exposed, and were actually dealing cards upon it. My blood stood still, and I besought them to leave their dreadful trade and go away; that I would rather a thousand times watch alone than have them with me. They replied by laughter, coarse jests, and such oaths as I will not repeat, asking me tauntingly if I was not afraid. I said yes, I was afraid, and had just opened the Bible when there came such a rattling of chains as caused me to let it fall. The reckless fellows were evidently not much less frightened—they forgot what the trump was; and when the slow dragging of the chain was heard again, they left their playing, and, jumping from the open window, ran as fast as they could. I trembled violently, for I still kept hearing the rattling and dragging of the chain, and it was plain enough that the evil one was come to carry off Amos, body and all. I managed to gather up and burn the cards, and for the rest of the night I stood in the open door ready to run, and I am not ashamed to own it," concluded uncle Nathan, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

Mr. Claverel laughed immoderately at the conclusion of the story, and told uncle Nathan that if he had looked out into the moonlight he would have seen in the field next Mr. Hill's house his old kicking cow, on whose leg he had fastened a heavy chain, to cure her of her bad habit; for that he had no doubt but this was what Mr. Baxter had heard.

"Blame it all!" exclaimed the old man, more irritated than pleased, "some folks could explain away the very *airth* if you would listen to them."

"Nattie, Nattie, my dear," said aunt Jenny, in half-reproachful, half-coaxing accents, "there is one ghost even Mr. Claverel can't explain away," and she patted his withered hand with her plump white one.

"What is it? what is it?" we all asked at once, and winding up her yarn, and having smoothed the gray hair of her husband, and said he was not always a coward, she turned the wedding ring on her finger and began: "When I was fifteen or thereabouts, my mother died, leaving me alone in the world, for my father had been dead longer than I could remember. We had no money, and, of course, not many friends. There was no alternative for me. I must go out to service, and it was not long till a situation presented itself, which was to assist in the housework of a country tavern in a lonesome neighborhood, a hundred miles from where I was born. My fellow-worker proved to be an old woman, very superstitious,

and of a marvelous experience, if her narrations were to be relied upon. There was no other public house within a dozen miles of us, so that we had a good many travelers to entertain—not unfrequently more than we could accommodate, for to say truth we had but three guest chambers. From the first I had noticed an upper room fastened with a padlock, and supposed it to be a store-room, till passing it one day with my workmate she stooped her ear to the door and listened attentively. I inquired what she expected to hear, but she motioned me to keep silence, and presently glided away on tiptoe. Often we must make beds on the floor and resort to other inconvenient means for the accommodation of our guests, which led me to prosecute my inquiries relative to the disused apartment. Tired of my importunity the landlord one day told me the room was haunted, and that he had wished the fact kept from me, inasmuch as not one girl in twenty would remain in the house after learning it. I laughed at the story; said I was not afraid; and getting possession of the key went in to examine the premises, assuring the landlord that I would air and fit it up for use. The sunshine streamed brightly in as I dusted the furniture, made the bed with clean sheets, filled the pitcher, and placed some flowers on the table to make all cheerful. I found it much the prettiest and pleasantest room in the house, and told the landlord, on leaving it, that I would answer for any harm that should happen the guest who slept there that night.

"Toward sunset travelers began to drop in, and two or more had been assigned to each room, leaving only the haunted chamber, when my good man, Nattie here, rode up to the door and requested supper and lodging. Supper was prepared, at which I presided, receiving from the tired stranger more than the share of civilities which I was accustomed to receive.

"Shortly after the meal was concluded the traveler desired to be shown to his room, when, moved by compassion, the landlord informed him that he must choose between the floor and a haunted chamber, to which Nathan replied that he preferred the bedroom, haunted or not, and was accordingly shown up.

"‘Remember your promise,’ said the landlord, ‘and if we find the man strangled in his bed in the morning, expect to be arrested for the murder.’

"There was so much concern in his manner that the words weighed upon me; and when our work was concluded and we retired for the night, I asked my assistant how the chamber happened to be haunted. After expressing much alarm for

the safety of the guest she said, ‘It is ten years ago since that room was shut, and for my life I would not sleep in it, nor be the means of any one else sleeping there.’ I felt my hand tremble a little as I unclosed the shutter and looked out to be sure all was quiet. The sky was completely overcast, and the winds blowing up through the leaves of the great wood near by, gave a gloomier effect to the distant thunder.

"‘Mercy! mercy! the ghost will come to-night,’ continued the old woman, ‘and if you don’t get pulled out of bed by the hair for opening that room it will be a wonder.’

"The rain began falling now, so we were obliged to close the window; and with the lightning flashing right in our faces and the wind driving the little candle flame about, the woman huddled close against me as I sat on an old chest, and went on with the story. She had been an inmate of the house for about twenty years, and for the first ten the haunted chamber had been the favorite room of all travelers. One night, as black and stormy as that, two travelers had called late and asked for entertainment, which was given them. No register was kept, and no names were given or required. One of them was a young and beautiful woman, the other a man, much older, silent mostly, and seemingly stern. They lodged together in the haunted chamber, the woman going thither supperless and tearful, the man leading the way and offering no support or soothing words to the wife, if so she were. Their manners and dress indicated persons of refinement and used to all luxury, and it was a matter of much regret, said the woman, that we could not give them better accommodation.

"‘In the morning,’ she went on, ‘the strange gentleman left before the house was astir, though the rain was still falling and the roads almost impassable. The lady was not able to rise, and on attending her with breakfast I found her pale, tearless, and as one struck into stone. She neither ate, nor drank, nor smiled, nor in any way noticed my presence. I combed her long hair, bathed her face, and in all ways did for her all I could, for I could not but think her case a very sad one. Two or three days went by, and she had not yet left her room nor spoken, when, on opening her door, I found her in bonnet and shawl; and on asking her what she proposed, she said, ‘Walk to the post-office.’ I told her that was six miles away, and she did not look strong enough to walk across the room, and that if she would wait till the evening, or, at furthest, the next morning, I was sure a boy might be spared to do the errand for her.

"Then there is a post-office at the cross roads five or six miles from here?" she said, as though glad to be confirmed in what she had only in part believed till then. For a moment she seemed quite happy, smiled and said she would wait; but that if the messenger could go just then she would be so glad—two hours would be so long to wait. I said I would see, and as I left the chamber turned and asked what name should be inquired for.

"The white cheek clouded with crimson, and after a moment she said, "Never mind, I will go myself." I tried hard to dissuade her, but could not, and with a quick stop and an energy that seemed almost superhuman she went away.

"It was late at night when she returned, looking more like one who had got up out of the grave than a living woman. When I asked if her quest had been successful, she shook her head mournfully, and seating herself at the window overlooking the road, never got up again. All my entreaties could not prevail on her to lie down; with her eyes straining away to the distance and her lips breathlessly apart, she sat hour after hour and day after day. At last I persuaded her to allow me to go to the office, which I did, inquiring for a letter for Mary H——. Such was her direction. I received none, and shall never forget the look of despair that settled in her face when I told her so. Once, and only once, she groaned as if her heart was breaking—I think it was—and motioning me to leave her I did so; and on going next to the chamber I found her still sitting upright at the window, but dead.

"When we dressed her," continued the old woman, "we found a picture in her bosom, which we recognized as that of the man who had brought her to our house.

"She was placed in a coffin and the door of her chamber locked; for how or where to bury her could not be decided at once. It was a little after sunset when an old man, who seemed more bowed with grief than years, stopped at the house and requested to be shown to a particular room—indicating the one in which the dead lady lay. On being told that it was occupied, he said he knew it; that it was his daughter who had the room; that he saw her sitting at the window, and she beckoned him to come in. We told him that was quite impossible; that the lady was dead and in her coffin; but he persisted in saying he had seen his child alive not half an hour before; that she had beckoned him to come in, and that he must see with his own eyes whether or not she were there. So great was his importunity that the chamber was opened, but only the dead lady,

and she in her coffin, was found; but no sooner had the old man seen her than he exclaimed, "My sweet Mary, my child, my child!"

"That night he carried her away, and we never saw or heard any thing as to who they were or what became of them."

"The old woman further told me," said Mrs. Baxter, "that many a time since then the lady had been seen sitting at the very window where she watched so long, sometimes gazing intently on a picture, and sometimes with a little child in her arms; and that, as often as any guest had been given the haunted chamber, the ghost of a woman had been seen walking up and down the floor as one in great distress, and sometimes taking possession of the bed, and sometimes groaning aloud; that one or two persons had been nearly strangled by her; so the chamber had been finally abandoned; but still steps were often heard there, and the door carefully secured at night would be found wide open in the morning.

"The wind blew furiously," Mrs. Baxter went on, "the rain still fell, and altogether it was as dismal a night as ever I saw, and at the conclusion of the old woman's story I confess to some misgivings as to the safety of the person I had caused to sleep in the haunted room. I went to bed, however, and I suppose eventually fell asleep, with much uneasiness as to our guest weighing on my mind. And now, Mr. Baxter," she said, turning smilingly to him, "you may as well tell the rest."

The old gentleman drew himself up, and looking proudly on his wife took up the thread of the story by saying: "Having been told my room was haunted, I looked about carefully on going into it, closed the windows, and placing some chairs against the door, for I found no key, I retired, leaving the light burning. I was tired and soon fell asleep, but not very soundly I suppose, for some time in the night a little noise about the door awoke me; it was like some one softly trying the key, and raising myself on my elbow I listened close, and became shortly convinced that some one or something was there, for the door now began to be pushed against the chairs. Presently a hand was thrust through the aperture, the chairs removed, and a figure, clothed in white, came noiselessly into the apartment. The light had burned down, and I could not tell distinctly whether it were ghost or woman, and I confess to some shrinking, as it approached the bed and began feeling across it. I was not long in doubt, for the hand no sooner touched my face than I knew it to be a mortal, and a very pretty one, too, and could not resist the temptation of holding

it very closely, and afterward of putting my arm around the ghost's neck and waking it—for it was evidently asleep—with a kiss; you can judge of the surprise of Jenny, for it was she, on finding herself in so novel a situation. What the acquaintance, so curiously begun, led to, you all know; but, notwithstanding this pleasant experience in a haunted chamber, I am no less a believer in ghosts."

This story tended to create cheerfulness, and the remainder of the evening was as merry as the opening had been somber. Even Mrs. Claverel smiled, and in the cheerful conversation that was kept up till midnight took her part, and when the ample supper was spread all had appetites to do it justice. Mrs. Baxter "toed off" her little stocking as she talked, for her work did not suffer on account of the pleasant stories she had to tell, in all of which she had figured prominently.

It was midnight, as I said, before the work was put by and the shawls and bonnets brought forth, and when the party separated it was with kindly feeling stirred up, and hearts strengthened and steadied for the work and the warfare of life. Among my pleasantest memories are those of visitors of winter evenings in the country; and if ghost stories were told, so much the better.

LITTLE AMY—A GERMAN TALE;

OR, THE BEAUTY AND REWARD OF DOING GOOD.

THE following story was gleaned from an old German pocket-book. It is in itself beautiful, and, moreover, teaches a beautiful lesson:

One Sunday afternoon, in summer-time, the village children went into the church to be taught their catechism. Among them was Amy, the shepherd's step-daughter, some seven years old. She was a tender-hearted child; and when the clergyman, after speaking of our duty toward our neighbor, said, "All people who would please God, must do good according to their means, be those means ever so little," she could not refrain from weeping.

For Amy was very poor, and felt innocently persuaded that she had no power whatever to gladden by her love or kindness any earthly creature; not even a lamb, or a young dove. She had neither, poor child.

So Amy came out of church with sadness in her heart, thinking that God would take no pleasure in her, because—but that was only her own idea—she had never yet done good to any one.

Not wishing that her eyes, now red with weeping, should be seen at home, she went into the fields, and laid herself down under a wild rose-

bush. There she remarked that the leaves of the shrub, untarnished with dust, were dry and drooping, and that the pretty pink blossoms looked pale and faded; for there had been no rain for a very long time.

She hastened to a brook that flowed by at no great distance, drew water in the hollow of her hand—for cup she had none—and thus toilfully and by slow degrees, often going and as often returning, she washed the dust away from the languishing rose-bush, and so refreshed its roots by the timely moisture, that soon it reared itself again in strength and beauty, and joyfully and fragrantly unfolded its blossoms to the sun.

After that little Amy wandered on by the side of the brook in the meadows, whence she had obtained the water. As she gazed upon it, she almost envied the silver stream, because it had been able to do good to the rose-tree.

On what she herself had done, she did not bestow a single thought.

Proceeding a little way further, she observed a great stone lying in the bed of the narrow brook, and so choking up the channel that the water could only struggle past it slowly; and, as it were, drop by drop. Owing to this obstacle, all the merry prattle of the stream was at an end. This grieved Amy on the water's account; so with naked feet she went into the stream and shook the heavy stone. Some time elapsed before she could move it from its place; but, at length, by tasking all her strength, she rolled it out, and got it to remain on the top of the bank. Then the streamlet flowed merrily by, and the purling waves seemed to be murmuring thanks to the gentle child.

And onward still went Amy, for at home she knew there was no one who cared to inquire after her. She was disliked by her step-father, and even her own mother loved the younger children much better than she loved her. This constituted the great sorrow of Amy's life.

Going far about, and ever sad because she had done good to no one, she at last returned to the village. Now, by the very first cottage she came to, there lay, in a little garden, a sick child whose mother was gone to glean in the neighboring fields. Before she went, however, she had made a toy—a little windmill put together with thin slips of wood—and had placed it by her little son to amuse him, and to make the time appear shorter to him during her absence.

Every breath of air, however, had died away beneath the trees, so that the tiny sails of the windmill turned round no more. And the sick child, missing the playful motion, lay sorrowfully

upon the green turf, under the yellow marigolds, and wept.

Then Amy stepped quickly over the low garden hedge, heedless that it tore her only Sunday frock, kneeled before the little windmill, and blew with all her might upon its slender sails. Thus impelled, they were soon in merry motion, as at first. Then the sick child laughed, and clapped his little hands; and Amy, delighted at his pleasure, was never weary of urging the sails round and round with her breath.

At last the child, tired out by the joy which the little windmill had given him, fell fast asleep; and Amy, warned by the evening shadows which began to gather round her, turned her steps toward home. Faint and exhausted was she, for since noon she had eaten nothing.

When she reached the cottage door, and stopped there for a moment with beating heart, she heard her step-father's voice, loud and quarrelsome, resounding from within. He had just returned from the ale-house, and was in his well-known angry humor, which the least cause of irritation might swell into a storm. Unfortunately, as Amy, trembling, entered the room, her torn frock caught his eye. His passion was kindled at the sight. Roused to fury in a moment, he stumbled forward, and, with his powerful fist, struck the poor little child on the forehead.

Then Amy bowed her head like the withered roses in the field; for the blow had fallen on her temple. As she sunk, pale and dying, to the ground, her mother, with loud lamentations, sprang forward and kneeled beside her. Even the stern and angry man, suddenly sobered by his own deed, seemed for a moment shocked, and became touched with pity.

So both the parents wept and mourned over Amy, and laid her upon her little couch in the small inner chamber, and strewed round her green branches, and various kinds of flowers, such as marigolds and many-colored poppies; for the child was dead!

But while the parents bitterly reproached themselves, and wished they had been kinder to poor Amy, behold a wonder!

The door of the chamber gently opened and the waves of the Brook which Amy had set free, came gently rippling by, in the stillness, and sprinkled the mouth and eyes of the dead child. The cool drops flowed into her veins, and once more set the arrested blood in motion.

Then she again unclosed her eyes, which so lately had been dim and motionless, and she heard the soft waves, like gentle voices, murmuring these words in her ear:

"This we do unto thee, in return for the good thou didst unto us."

Yet a little while and the chamber was again stirred by the presence of some kindly power which seemed hovering around.

This time it was a gentle Breeze which entered with softly fluttering wings. Tenderly it kissed the forehead of the child, and lovingly it breathed its fresh breath into her bosom.

Then Amy's heart began to thrill with quicker life, and she stretched out her hand to the many-colored flowers, breathed their delicate odors, and rejoiced in their beauty.

And the Breeze softly said:

"I bring thee back the breath which thou didst expend upon the sick child's pleasure!"

Then Amy smiled, as if she were full of bliss.

When the Breeze had ceased to murmur its soft words, an angel came gliding in through the low door of the little chamber, and in his hand he held a garland of fresh, fragrant roses. These he laid against the cheek of the pale child; and, lo! they restored to it the hues of life, and they bloomed again. And the flowers seemed to whisper:

"This we do unto thee in return for the good thou didst unto us!"

And the angel kissed Amy on the forehead, eyes, and mouth; and then came life back to her in its strength.

And the Angel said to her:

"Forasmuch as thou hast done good according to thy means, and thou knewest it not, therefore shall a tenfold blessing rest upon thee!"

THE BIG RIVER.

BY JAMES FUMMILL.

I.

MURMUR on, thou noble river!

Like old Time, pursue thy way!

Down to ocean rolling ever,

Hold thy course, at night and day!

Gently, and with graceful motion,

Glide along through countries fair,

To the wild and trackless ocean—

Lave thy weary waters there!

II.

Roses smile at morn, and wither

Ere the night dews bathe their cheeks;

Buoyant clouds that glow in ether

O'er the twilight mountain peaks,

Melt to tears ere bright Aurora

Lifts the curtains of old Night;

But, sky-born stream, with ancient glory

Thou dost revel still in light!

LITERATURE AND LABOR.

BY WILLIAM T. COGGESHALL.

LITERARY, like all other success, depends on labor—is the result of hard work. Books that are dashed off may have temporary notoriety, but those only win permanent places in the world's esteem which are complete; and to complete any work—a book, a picture, a statue, a house, a shop, an edifice, an instrument of handicraft, an article of dress or ornament—labor is required.

The writers of the century which precedes ours were men who wrote, and pruned, and polished, and polished, and pruned, and wrote with assiduous care. The authors of America, who are to-day most highly regarded, and whose prospects for regard by posterity are fairest, are men who work, not only to write books, but who have other occupations to which they regularly devote their energies. Particularly is this the fact of our younger writers, and so is it particularly true, also, of the younger writers of Europe. There are fruitful lessons to American working-men and women in the early history of the latter-day authors whose stars are now ascendant in Europe. The opinion, which has been orthodox, that to write a great poem, or produce a great history, or a great statue, a man *must* wholly devote his energies to the poem, the history, or the statue, is not surely founded. To be sure, time is required, and the world may receive fewer of a great man's works if he is driven to practical toil for daily bread; but if he have resolution as well as talent, he will not fail to accomplish something higher than bread-getting.

Edward Lytton Bulwer is one of the few successful authors of this age, who, by ancestral fortune, are relieved from the necessity of labor; but his experience is a lesson to every man who works for his daily bread, and to every boy and every girl preparing so to work.

When he began his career he composed with the utmost difficulty, and often wrote his fictions twice over; yet—though a politician as well as a poet and a novelist—he has been one of the most voluminous writers of the day. The secret of his success he divulged in a lecture before a literary society in England: "Many persons seeing me so much engaged in active life, and as much about the world as if I had never been a student, have said to me: 'When do you get time to write all your books? How on earth do you contrive to do so much work?' I shall perhaps surprise you by the answer I make. The answer is this: 'I contrive to do so much, by never doing too

much at a time.' A man, to get through work well, must not overwork himself—or, if he do too much to-day, the reaction of fatigue will come, and he will be obliged to do too little to-morrow. Now, since I begun really and earnestly to study, which was not till I had left college and was actually in the world, I may, perhaps, say, that I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have traveled much—I have mixed much in politics and in the various business of life, and, in addition to all this, I have published somewhere above sixty volumes, some upon subjects requiring much special research. And what time do you think, as a general rule, I have devoted to study—to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day; and when Parliament is sitting, not always that. But then, during those hours I have given my whole attention to what I was about."

Settled determination, early in life, to accomplish distinction in some honorable sphere rarely fails to elevate a young man. He need only pursue his purpose with unflinching watchfulness and unflagging industry, and according to his capacity for work and his ability for management must success reward his efforts. Benjamin D'Israeli, now a leading man in England, was a poor boy of despised origin. It is related of him that when at school, he was asked by a companion, who is now a respectable tradesman, what course of action he meant to adopt in order to make his way in society. The young aspirant promptly replied, "I mean to write a book which will make me famous; when I have purchased fame, I mean to get a seat in Parliament; and when once in Parliament, I shall be determined to become a right honorable." All this has been fulfilled. In his first romance he suggested a possibility that the chief character might become chancellor of the exchequer of England. He spoke for himself in "Vivian Grey," and the possibility has been developed into a certainty. If his life be spared he will yet rise higher in the employment of the English Government.

Pierre Dupont, a pastoral, political, and philosophical poet, whom the people of France love, was the son of a poor artisan, and the spectacle of constant work had its effect in forming the mind of the youth. In a singing song for workmen, which is sung with spirit in the workshops of France, Dupont wrote:

"Tis our unresting arms that from the earth
And jealous ocean wrest those hidden treasures
Which feed with pomp the idle pride of birth,
Rich meats and clothing, and all selfish pleasures.
Gems, metals, diamonds, pearls from the deep,
Fruits from the hill, corn from the level plain,

We win for kings. We are the hapless sheep . . .
What mantles from our wool the masters gain!

From us her trade,
Her wealth, her wonders, doth the world derive;
But when the golden honey-store is made,
The master burns the bee within the hive!"

This is too often true; but the sentiment gains, however, that the honey and the bee may be saved together. The bee-hunter has learned that it is too great a sacrifice to destroy the workers of a hive in order to obtain what they have hoarded, and society is learning that its noblest prosperity depends upon the encouragement and protection of its artisans and laborers. Therefore do these classes ascend the scale of humanity, and thereby are easier avenues to distinction opened.

Hugh Miller, the literary stone-cutter, of Scotland, with his hammer and pen has opened a way to respect and renown, in which American youths may honorably tread. He was born in October, 1802, in Cromarty, a small fishing town on the north-eastern coast of Scotland. His father was a shipmaster, and the owner of a small sloop, which he principally employed in trade with the Hebrides. In 1807 he perished at sea. His son, after attending the school of his native village, at the age of seventeen was apprenticed to the business of stone-mason in the sandstone quarries of Cromarty, an occupation which he followed steadily for fifteen years. It was a cold morning in February when he took to the hard task of earning his bread in a stone-quarry. His first day's experience made him a geologist. A nodule of blue limestone, broken by a stroke of his hammer, revealed to him a world of science, conjecture, and imagination, and from that day forward, in the language of an American admirer, "the world was richer in the possession of a man of genius whose science was embellished by his imagination, and his imagination restrained and controlled by his science." Geology is indebted to Hugh Miller for the discovery of the fossiliferous nature of the old red sandstone, and the record of his observations, experience, and reflections is written in that pure style and genial manner, which can attract and charm the general reader to the most frigid subject. He says he could not avoid being an observer; and that the necessity which made him a mason, made him also a geologist. In the winter months, during which mason work is generally suspended in country places, he occupied his time with reading, sometimes with visiting country friends—persons of an intelligent caste—and often he strolled away among old Scandinavian ruins and Pictish forts, speculating about their origin and history.

He made good use of his leisure. And when spring came round again, he would set out into the Highlands to work at building and hewing jobs with a squad of other masons—working hard, and living chiefly on oat-meal broth. One of his companions once said to him, "Ah, Miller, you have stamina in you, and will force your way; but I want strength; the world will never hear of me." It was the *stamina* which Hugh Miller possessed by nature, that were born in him, and were carefully nurtured by his parents, that enabled him as a working man to rise, while thousands would have sunk, or merely plodded on through life, in the humble station in which they were born. It was common for working men to drink ardent spirits. Miller was taught, when overwrought and in a depressed mood, to regard spirits as high luxuries. On one occasion he was induced to drink a gill of whisky. When he returned home, he found that if he attempted to read a pocket edition of "Bacon's Essays," which he often carried to his work, the letters danced before his eyes. On this experience he says: "The condition into which I had brought myself was, I felt, one of degradation. I had sunk, by my own act, for the time, to a lower level of intelligence than that on which it was my privilege to be placed; and though the state could have been no very favorable one for forming a resolution, *I in that hour determined that I should never again sacrifice my capacity of intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage*; and, with God's help, I was enabled to hold my determination." A young working mason, reading "Bacon's Essays" in his by-hours, must certainly be regarded as a remarkable man; but not less remarkable is the exhibition of moral energy and noble self-denial in the instance we have cited.

While Miller had been quietly discharging his duties as a workman, and industriously pursuing his studies, he had been doing what was better than either cutting tombstones or writing poetry; he had been building up his character, and thereby securing the respect of all who knew him. When a branch of the Commercial Bank was opened in Cromarty, and the manager cast about him to make selection of an accountant, whom should he pitch upon but Hugh Miller, the stone-mason? This selection was made simply because of the excellence of the man's character. He had proved himself a true, and a thoroughly excellent and trustworthy man in a humble capacity of life; and the inference was, that he would carry the same principles of conduct into another and larger sphere of action. Hugh Miller hesitated to accept the office, having but little knowledge of

accounts, and no experience in book-keeping; but the manager knew his pluck and determined perseverance in mastering whatever he undertook; above all, he had confidence in his character, and he would not take a denial. He was sent to Edinburgh to learn his new business at the head bank, and he acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of his employers. About the time that he was installed as a bank officer at Cromarty, his career as an author fairly began. He had previously published poems and a few newspaper articles. First appeared "Scenes and Legends in Scotland," then, in 1841, "The Old Red Sandstone." Soon afterward the Free Church movement drew him out as a polemical writer; and a "Letter to Lord Brougham on the Scotch Church Controversy" excited so much attention, that the leaders of the movement in Edinburgh invited him to undertake the editing of the "Witness" newspaper, the organ of the Free Church party; he accepted the invitation, and still holds the position of editor of that paper. Since he has been an editor he has published "First Impressions of England and its people," "Footprints of the Creator," and "My Schools and Schoolmasters." The latter work is an autobiography, from which the materials for this sketch of his career are drawn.

Throughout life Miller seems to have invariably put his conscience into his work. Speaking of the old man with whom he served his apprenticeship as a mason, he says, "*He made conscience of every stone he laid.*" He takes a cheerful view of the lot of labor. While others groan because they have to work hard for their bread, he says that work is full of pleasure, of profit, and of materials for self-improvement. He holds that honest labor is the best of all teachers, and that the school of toil is the best and noblest of all schools—a school in which the ability of being useful is imparted, and the spirit of independence communicated, and the habit of persevering effort acquired. He is even of opinion that the training of the mechanic, by the exercise which it gives to his observant faculties, from his daily dealings with things actual and practical, and the close experience of life, which he invariably acquires, is more favorable to his growth as a man, emphatically speaking, than the training which is afforded by any other condition of life. He declares that his purpose in telling the story of his education is to awaken an increased attention among working men to the importance of self-culture. He says: "They will find, that by far the best schools I ever attended are schools open to them all; that the best teachers I ever had are—though severe

in their discipline—always easy of access; and that the special form at which I was, if I may say so, most successful as a pupil, was a form to which I was drawn by a strong inclination, but at which I had less assistance from my brother men, or even from books, than at any of the others. There are few of the natural sciences which do not lie quite as open to the working men of Britain and America as geology did to me."

When a bank officer, he found himself less able and willing to pursue study than he had been in his former situation. "The unintellectual toils of the laboring man," he writes, "have been occasionally represented as less favorable to mental cultivation than the semi-intellectual employments of that class immediately above him, to which our clerks, shop-men, and humbler accountants belong; but it will be found that exactly the reverse is the case, and that, though a certain conventional gentility of manner and appearance on the side of the somewhat higher class may serve to conceal the fact, it is on the part of the laboring man that real advantage lies. The mercantile accountant or law clerk, bent over his desk, his faculties concentrated on his columns of figures, or on the pages which he has been carefully engrossing, and unable to proceed one step in his work without devoting to it all his attention, is in greatly less favorable circumstances than the plowman or operative mechanic whose mind is free though his body labors, and who thus finds, in the very rudeness of his employments, a compensation for their humble and laborious character. And it will be found that the humbler of the two classes is much more largely represented in our literature than the class by one degree less humble. Ranged against the poor clerk of Nottingham, Henry Kirk White, and the still more helpless Edinburgh engrossing clerk, Robert Fergusson, with a very few others, we find in our literature a numerous and vigorous phalanx, composed of men such as the Ayrshire Plowman, the Ettrick Shepherd, the Fifeshire Foresters, the sailors, Dampier and Falconer—Bunyan, Bloomfield, Ramsay, Tannahill, Alexander Wilson, John Clare, Allan Cunningham, and Ebenezer Elliot."

Let the working men of America take courage from Miller's career. The humblest one has as fair a chance in the world as had the self-instructed Geologist, whose reputation is now worldwide. Neither poverty, nor hardships, nor the pressure of various occupations diverted him from the pursuit of his favorite science, and from the accumulation of an amount of miscellaneous knowledge which men of far greater advantages of education might envy. It is to his credit that his

well-earned eminence has only served to increase his sympathy with the humble class from which he derives his origin, as well as his activity in promoting whatever measures appear to him adapted to advance their interests and to raise them to the level on which his own exertions have placed him. He was never vainglorious in his success, nor, as many self-raised men are, was he spoiled by the praise which his works called forth. "There is," he says, "no more fatal error into which a working man of a literary turn can fall, than the mistake of deeming himself too good for his humble employments; and yet it is a mistake as common as it is fatal. I had already seen several poor wrecked mechanics, who, believing themselves to be poets, and regarding the manual occupation by which they could alone live in independence as beneath them, had become in consequence little better than mendicants—too good to work for their bread, but not too good virtually to beg it; and looking upon them as beacons of warning, I determined that, with God's help, I should give their error a wide offing, and never associate the idea of meanness with an honest calling, or deem myself too good to be independent." He showed his self-denial, too, in waiting for a wife till he could afford to keep one in respectable comfort—his engagement lasting over five years, before he was in a position to fulfill his promise. And then he married, wisely and happily. The practical common sense which guided Hugh Miller was what was wanting to save many an able writer of earlier times from direful poverty in a garret.

"O youth! flame-earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of desire,
Our yearning opens a portal!
And tho' age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
The harvest comes to-morrow.
Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen saber,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
O chivalry of labor!
Triumph and toil are twins; and aye
Joy suns the cloud of sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow."

These lines were written by Gerald Massey, a poet of England, who became known to the world within the last year. He is now—1854—only twenty-six years of age. From a biographical sketch, with which he introduces his volume of poems, we learn that he was born in the lowest depths of poverty. His father was a canal-boatman in the interior of England, earning a

scanty subsistence by toilsome labor, and unable to write his own name. He lived in a wretched stone hut, the roof of which was so low that a man could not stand in it upright, for which he paid the rent of but one shilling a week. In this state of destitution, the children of the family were obliged not only to shift for themselves, but to contribute by their petty earning to the support of their parents. When only eight years old, Gerald was sent into the silk-mill, and compelled to work in its rank, stifling atmosphere from five o'clock in the morning till half-past six in the evening, unable to catch a glimpse of the sun, except through the dingy windows of the factory. The mill was burned down, and the boy was released from his prison. He regarded the event with the liveliest gratitude. Standing for twelve hours in the wind, and sleet, and mud, he watched the progress and effects of the conflagration with the joy of a liberated captive.

His joy was brief. He was put to the business of straw plaiting, which was no less toilsome and more unwholesome than his work in the factory. In a marshy district, with no chance of exercise, the plaiters were exposed to severe attacks of fever and ague. Young Massey was tortured with the disease for three years, while the other members of the family, including the mother, were often so ill as to be unable to help each other, even with a cup of cold water. His own account of his early days is enough to make the blood run cold. "Having had to earn my own dear bread," he says, "by the eternal cheapening of flesh and blood thus early, I never knew what childhood meant. I had no childhood. Ever since I can remember, I have had the aching fear of want, throbbing in heart and brow. The currents of my life were early poisoned, and few, methinks, would pass unscathed through the scenes and circumstances in which I have lived; none, if they were as curious and precocious as I was. The child comes into the world like a new coin with the stamp of God upon it; and in like manner as the Jews sweat down sovereigns, by hustling them in a bag to get gold-dust out of them, so is the poor man's child hustled and sweated down in this bag of society to get wealth out of it; and even as the impress of the Queen is effaced by the Jewish process, so is the image of God worn from heart and brow, and day by day the child recedes devilward. I look back now with wonder, not that so few escape, but that any escape at all, to win a nobler growth for their humanity. So blighting are the influences which surround thousands in early life, to which I can bear such bitter testimony."

He had been taught to read at a penny school. The Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress afforded the first food to his boyish imagination. He committed many chapters of the former to memory, and devoured the whole of Bunyan's quaint allegory as a veritable history. Robinson Crusoe came next, and then some religious tracts left at the cottage by zealous Methodists. These were the only books he had read when he went to London as an errand boy at the age of fifteen. For the first time in his life he met with plenty of books. He read all that came in his way, from the simplest manuals of education to the standard works on Greek, Roman, and English history. "Till then," he says, "I had often wondered why I lived at all—whether

'It was not better not to be,
I was so full of misery.'

Now I began to think that the crown of all desire, and the sum of all existence, was to read and get knowledge. Read! read! read! I used to read at all possible times, and in all possible places; up in bed till two or three in the morning—nothing daunted by once setting the bed on fire. Greatly indebted was I also to the book-stalls, where I have read a great deal, often folding a leaf in a book, and returning the next day to continue the subject; but sometimes the book was gone, and then great was my grief. When out of a situation, I have often gone without a meal to purchase a book. Till I fell in love, and began to rhyme as a matter of consequence, I never had the least predilection for poetry. In fact, I always eschewed it; if I ever met with any, I instantly skipped it over and passed on, as one does with the description of scenery, etc., in a novel. The first verses I ever made were upon 'Hope,' when I was utterly hopeless; and after I had begun I never ceased for about four years, at the end of which time I rushed into print."

His first attempts at verse were published in a country newspaper. Shortly after a small volume was brought out in his native town, which found but a quite limited circulation.

The poems in the volume from which we have quoted have reached a third edition, which may be considered a remarkable success in London. They have also been republished in New York. Massey writes with ringing energy, but with temperate judgment, of social wrongs; and knowing what it is to "suffer and be strong," he will yet produce poems which the world will gratefully preserve. He was employed last year as advertising agent for the "Westminster Review;" and when his volume was published—which was first done at

his own expense—he was Secretary to the London Society for the Protection of Italy.

We trust that he may not fail to fulfill what is written in his own hopeful words: "The crowns of poetry are not in the keeping of critics. There have been many who have given some sign of promise—just set a rainbow of hope in the dark cloud of their life—and never fulfilled their promise; and the world has wondered why. But it might not have been matter of wonder if the world could have read what was written behind the cloud. Others, again, are songful in youth, like the nightingales in spring, who soon cease to sing, because they have to build nests, rear their young, and provide for them; and so the songs grow silent, the heart is full of cares, and the dreamer has no time to dream. I hope that my future holds some happier fate. I think there is a work for me to do, and I trust to accomplish it."

"If thou art worthy, truly brave, thou shalt make the hardest circumstance a helper or a slave," wrote Alexander Smith, the poet, who rose comet-like last year. He has tasted the bitterness of oppressive want and hopeless care. His father was a pattern-drawer for muslin work, and Alexander learned his father's trade. His first poems were published in a newspaper of Ayrshire, Scotland. The success of his "Life Drama" won him the post of Secretary to the University of Edinburgh, where he may elaborate a poem that will win him permanent fame.

Hugh Miller, Massey, and Smith are representatives for England of a literature for the people, which contradicts the flat assertion, that our age of progress is wholly utilitarian. They have noble compeers in America.

A FIRM FAITH.

If I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, said Sir Humphrey Davy, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combination of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions, palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, and annihilation.

SEA MOSSES.

BY E. GEORGE ADAMS, A. M.

YE delicate fabrics of an almighty Hand,
Magnificent in your minuteness! He
Who wove the curtain of the rainbow; he
Who hangs the gauze-like garment of the mist
Upon the mountain's shoulders, and lets down
From the white stars the drapery of the night;
Who edges sunset's clouds with fringe of gold,
And limns upon the unimpressible glass
The weird-like tracery of the frost, and brings
From the cold mine of Winter the white pearls
To deck with feathery beauty Nature's trees,
And lifts the columns of Aurora up
In the far north, till rosy temples rise,
Then fade away like canvas of a dream—
He made you with your beauty floating out
Through the clear waves of ocean; as a veil
He hangs ye o'er the rocks, and in the depths
Of the far sea your foliage weaves, till wild
And weird-like arches festoon all that world
Hid by a cloud of waters.

Foot ne'er trod

That wilderness of beauty, nor has bird
Shaken with music the light branches, nor
Has moonlight or the flame-enveloped stars
Weaved silver threads into that web of boughs;
But the gay fish is there, of varied hue,
Peopling that solitude, and making bright
The darkness of those waters, and all shells,
Of such commingled hues, as they were dipped
In sunset's glow, and yet they never caught,
In their recess, the light of sun or moon;
But there they lie, like blush on maiden's cheek,
Trembling in their own beauty; and there, too,
The huge leviathan of the deep spouts up,
Through the thick net-work of the vine-like moss,
His foam, that, in a cloud of silver spray,
Falls back like snow, wind-shaken from the pines,
Where first it lighted as it came from heaven.
But though no mortal eye hath seen that world,
The dead are there: down through the waters blue,
From the wrecked ship, or from the giddy mast
Thrown, dizzy, off, or by mischance exposed
To the wild gulf, they sink, and the fair moss
Weaves round their forms a shroud more beautiful
In texture and in colors than the loom
Of Tyre, that city by the sea, erst wove
For the great Solomon.

THE ADORATION OF THE WISE MEN.

BY F. W. TABER.

A STAR hath arisen the nations to save,
A morning hath dawned to illumine the grave;
Messiah appeareth—a Savior is near,
The fetters to sunder, the captive to cheer.
All meekly adoring the sages shall fall
At the feet of the child, the Redeemer of all;
And empires and kingdoms hereafter enthrone
This child as a Savior, this Savior their own.

THOUGHTS ON THE SEA.

BY JAMES N. MARTIN.

At the close of the day, when the sun bids "good-
night"

To heaven and earth, with a smile of delight,
And the shadows of eve creep slowly and pale
O'er the woodland and city, the hill and the vale,
There comes a sweet voice, in the twilight, to me
From the distant east, from the sounding sea.

The sea, the sea, the wide, wide sea,
Where the rippling waves, all joyous and free,
Make melody.

That voice is e'er heard in the din of the day,
In the silence of eve and the mild zephyr's play;
And memory wakes, in the halls of the soul,
Those undying notes, whose magical roll,
Borne by the night-wind, broke on the shore,
From the harp of the ocean in the days of yore.

O the sea! the sea! the rolling sea,
Whose music so stirring, and wild, and free,
Gives ecstasy!

How lovely the scene that enraptures the sight,
When night sits enthroned in her mantle of light,
And her curtain of ebony drops from the sky,
Tissu'd with gold-beams from Luna's bright eye,
And the high-rolling blue wave nestles to rest,
Fanned by the zephyrs in the ocean's broad breast!

The sea, the sea, the beautiful sea,
Whose pulsating heart beats gently and free—
Affectionately!

In fancy's wild dream the scenes of the past,
Like the blushes of morn, come brightening fast;
And the proud, gallant ship, with its snowy-white
sails,

Like a spirit, sweeps on with the driving gale;
While the foaming waves roll wildly alone,
And seemingly dash to the foot of the throne.

O the sea! the sea! the grand old sea!
In calm or in storm it is ever to me
All majesty.

And often, when sorrow has preyed on the heart,
And the soul groaned with feelings I could not
impart,

Have I turned from the world to the lone, lone shore,
And found sweet relief in the torn billows' roar.
O! a season like this, how magic its power!
Ay, it centers the bliss of a life in hour.

The sea, the mighty, endless sea,
It seemeth an image of thee, of thee,
Eternity!

TRUTH.

MUCH learned dust

Involves the combatants, each claiming Truth,
And Truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend
The little wick of Life's poor shallow lamp,
In playing tricks with Nature, giving laws
To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CHINA.*

BY REV. J. W. WILEY, M. D.

THE appearance of a Chinese city or village is very different from that of the cities and hamlets of Christian and enlightened countries, and the homes of the daughters of China bear but little resemblance to either the neat and quiet dwelling-places of the humbler denizens of America, or the gay and brilliant mansions of the daughters of wealth and fashion. One great obstacle to cleanliness, beauty, and, we may add, to virtue, is the narrowness and filthiness of the streets. These, in Chinese cities, are but seldom more than ten feet wide; and as each shop-keeper is allowed about two feet in which to place his counter before his house, the actual width of the street available for passing and re-passing is only six feet, and through this narrow space a dense population, eagerly engaged in multifarious avocations, is thronging and crowding its way all the day long. No horses or beasts of burden, or carriages for men or goods, are used in this country; and as men, and women, and children, too, are the beasts of burden, and all movable articles are borne to and fro upon their shoulders, we may easily fancy the thronged and noisy character of Chinese streets and by-ways. Sedan chairs jostling against each other, borne by rough and boisterous coolies; huge baskets of salt fish, boxes of tea, bags of rice, a countless variety of manufactured articles, vegetables, poultry, live and slaughtered animals for the market, and other things too numerous to mention, borne on the shoulders of men, and women, and children, thronging and crowding each other, each struggling for room and jostling his neighbor out of the way, and each panting, sweating, toiling bearer helping to keep up a continual noise by crying out to his neighbor to "look out," or "take care," or "walk straight," or "keep to the right," and the din of beggars' gongs and tradesmen's bells intermingling with angry and vulgar epithets from men, women, and children, make up the every-day scenes of a street in China. In the noise and bustle of these scenes, the humble daughter of China participates largely. She can carry as heavy a burden; she can walk as rapidly, cry out as lustily, and retort as keenly as her masculine rival, and she dares to compete in all these things with her sterner opponent.

Along these thronged and narrow streets are arranged the homes of the Chinese. But the word has a far different meaning from that which attaches to it in this happy land. Here it is a

word that embodies in it all that is good and gentle, and is a synonym for happiness and peace, suggesting to the mind a quiet and cheerful dwelling-place, where are found wives, mothers, and children—a sacred spot for the exercise of the kindlier feelings of our nature, where are found gentle hearts, clustering affections, bright hopes, and smiling faces. There it is a dark and gloomy word, meaning, in the vast majority of instances, a low, filthy, one-storied hut, within which the sun never shines, and through which the free, fresh air of heaven never circulates. Home, in China, means a little bamboo or mud-plastered hovel, without window or chimney, without ceiling or plastered partition, with a rough tile roof, dark and dreary, hanging overhead; a ground floor and black and filthy walls, with a work-shop or store in front; an open clay furnace, for cooking, set in any part of the house, the smoke being left to find its way out through the cracks and crevices of the roof and walls; a few four-legged benches, a couple of odd-shaped chairs, some narrow boards laid side by side, covered with a piece of matting, and provided with a round piece of wood to rest the head upon, intended as a bed, or, in some instances, a huge and clumsy bedstead, carved and gilded, but filthy and smoke-stained, constituting the furniture. Home, in China, in the great majority of instances, is a dark and comfortless place, in which men, women, and children stay, do business, eat, sleep, and die; where the voice of love is not heard; where kindness and affection would be intruders; where husbands often cook their own rice, eat at their own table, and keep their own company; where mothers and daughters are mere instruments of pleasure, or slaves for labor.

We acknowledge that this is not universally the case, but is by no means an overdrawn picture for the vast majority of homes in China. Even in the houses of those whose circumstances appear to be easy—the homes of well-dressed merchants, who, on the streets and in their stores, are richly dressed in silks, satins, crapes, and broadcloth—we find it but little better than the picture we have drawn, and in but few places can be found an air of neatness, cleanliness, and comfort. It is true, China has some men of large fortune—fewer now, however, than formerly—and a higher form of life is found among the proud and affluent mandarins. These, especially where they have had intercourse with foreigners, have better homes and richer furniture. Here we may find painted or carpeted floors, ceilings stuccoed and frescoed, and adorned with painted birds and flowers. Here we may find, in some few

* Continued from page 36.

instances, the displays of that trait of character for which they have gained too much credit abroad; namely, their fondness for the picturesque; and we are occasionally permitted to look upon beautiful gardens filled with choice plants of every variety, dwarf shrubs trained in the forms of birds, animals, trees, boats, etc., and decorated with artificial ponds, rocks, caverns, winding passages, ornamental bridges, and summer-houses. But such scenes are few and far between. In these homes of the highest classes may be seen rich divans, carved center-tables, gay and beautiful lanterns, embroidered tapestry, gilded vases, fishes and birds in vases and gaudy cages, large mirrors, bureaux, bedsteads with mattresses, and rich coverings and hangings, all elegantly and tastefully arranged. But even here it is all hollow and empty, and to the daughter of China this rich and magnificent home is but a gilded cage—her world, her sphere of life—in which, in company with others of her own sex in varying youth and beauty, bought for money, and like other articles of furniture used to gild and ornament the house, she must rise and sit, approach and retire, move, act, and live at the bidding of her master, in whose heart beats no emotion of love and but little of regard.

But we must introduce our readers to a more intimate acquaintance with the domestic life of these daughters of the east. We need not delay to consider the subject of betrothal, nor the ceremonies of marriage in China, as these may be found in all the books upon that country. It is well to notice, however, that it is on the nuptial evening, when his bride is brought to his own house, and has been conducted to the bridal chamber, that the groom, for the first time, beholds the features of the partner of his life. How many ill-assorted marriages grow out of this arrangement, and how little the affections of the heart are involved in such alliances, it is easy to conceive. We sometimes hear of polygamy among the Chinese; but, as far as we can learn, this does not in strict truth exist among them. There is but one wife and one wedding; all the other females of the establishment occupy subordinate positions, and are purchased with money and received into the house without any marriage ceremony. The position of the "second wife" does seem to be somewhat different from that of a mere handmaid. She is usually only taken with the consent of the first wife, and very frequently only in cases where there is no male offspring. Male descendants are looked upon by the Chinese as the highest good; they perpetuate the family name, serve, obey, and

cherish their parents during life, and pay idolatrous reverence at their tombs and before their tablets after they are dead. To be deprived of male children is the highest affliction, and to avoid it they will add wife to wife till the cherished object is obtained. These additional wives, however, are still different from the first. When taken thus they are not purchased as are the handmaids, but, as is also the case with the first wife, a marriage fee is paid to the parents, and they are received into their new homes with certain ceremonies, differing considerably, however, from those of the first and only real marriage.

The husband and proprietor of the establishment, for we can scarcely call it home, may gather around him as many handmaids as his income will allow; but even this is far from being looked upon with general approbation, and the man does not, as in some countries of the east, rise in estimation in proportion as he adds numbers and beauty to his harem. It is easy to determine who is the first and principal wife in the establishment. She is more dignified in her appearance, and more easy and free in her manners, taking the lead in every thing, doing the honors of the house and table, issuing orders to servants, and evidently does not consider the "smaller wives," as they are sometimes called, on an equality with her. She claims to be the mother of the household, and looks upon all the children born in the house as her own.

In the higher walks of life, where wealth gathers around these inmates of the rich man's house all the luxuries and elegancies which the country can afford, it might be thought an enviable position to be the first wife of such an establishment. To the daughter of China it is an enviable position, for to her it is the highest and best she can attain; but to a woman possessing intellect and heart it must be unsatisfying in the extreme. The women of China possess intellect, though it wants cultivation, and hearts, though they need softening and refining, and we can only look upon even these highest of Chinese females as occupying a pitiable position. Whatever may be the establishment of which she is the mistress, she herself has a master, and can only feel that she is not the companion, but the instrument of the man to whom her life is linked. At her marriage she becomes part of another family, and is entirely given up by her own, thus severing all the ties of affection which existed between herself and her own family, and condemning her to a secluded life, unloved and uncared for in the "inner apartments" of a man she has never seen, and, therefore, never loved. She is not his asso-

ciate, for they are seldom together; he receives and entertains his own company, and transacts his own business according to his own pleasure, thinking no more of consulting the views and wishes of his wife than of consulting those of his canary that hangs in his store.

Though the first wife is superior to the "smaller wives," or handmaids, whichever we may choose to call them, she herself is inferior to her husband's mother; and as long as this worthy survives she is expected to serve her with faithfulness and devotion. Much is written in Chinese books on the subject of filial devotion and obedience, and in all ranks of society great stress is laid upon it, and the outward appearance is pretty generally secured. Nor is this devotion to parents allowed to cease even at death. The surviving children feel it resting upon them as a religious duty to provide for their deceased parents a becoming burial, to worship regularly before their tablets, to burn incense and sacrificial paper at their graves, and, in accordance with their superstitious opinions, to provide for their wants in the spirit-land, by burning artificial money, furniture, clothing, etc., at their tombs, all of which is supposed to be transformed by the fire into a spiritual form, adapted to the wants of their deceased friends. While apparent obedience and subordination are rendered to parents while living, and these duties are religiously discharged after their death, we have considerable reason to doubt if much of it springs from the genuine feelings of the heart. Be this as it may, the principle extends into the married life, and, always where parents still survive, gives an inferior position to the wife, and, in many cases, produces for her a sad and toilsome life. In not a few instances she is the mere servant of her husband's parents. She can do nothing of importance without consulting her mother-in-law, and is expected, in all cases, to yield in deference to her opinions and wishes. In the higher circles of life, the wife seems to take pride in thus waiting upon the mother of her husband, consulting her upon all occasions, never being seated while her mother-in-law stands, anticipating her wishes, helping her first at table, etc.; but it is very evident that this does not spring from filial respect and affection, but from regard to the position she occupies. Were she the devoted wife of the man whom her heart had chosen, she might conceive a high degree of respect and veneration for her husband's mother, and probably yield a glad and cheerful acquiescence in this custom of her country; but as it is, we can only look upon and pity her as the hireling, whose place and charac-

ter depend upon the faithful discharge of this duty, the violation of which would be a sufficient ground for her dismissal. In the lower walks of life, this subordination of the wife to the mother is the fruitful source of many broils and much unhappiness, the irritated husband often beating his wife for neglecting his mother, and sometimes turning her away from his house by sending her back to her parents, or by selling her as the inferior wife or concubine of another.

The position of the wife in China, in the lower grades of society, is still more pitiable. Here she is the same unloved and neglected creature as is found in the seclusion of the rich man's home; but here she must also serve as the selfish husband's wife and as the mother of his children, and, at the same time, as his creature of toil and labor. He may hire her to service and come daily to receive her wages; she toils in the fields, she fishes upon the river, she carries burdens in the street, she returns weary and worn to her dark and cheerless home, she eats alone her scanty meal, she cares for the wants of the children to whom she has given life, and no gentle word of encouragement falls upon her ear, no look, no expression of love greets her coming, no smile, no gratitude repays her for her toil, for she is a daughter of China—she is a woman—she is a wife in the east—she is a heathen, and a heathen wife and mother. O ye daughters of Christian lands, on whom Heaven has showered its choicest benedictions, how little do you know of the sighs and tears, of the loneliness and desolation of these unloved daughters of the east!

If this be the domestic condition of the wives, what must be the position occupied by the purchased handmaids of the grandees of China? These are found principally in the secluded apartments of men of wealth and official standing; but they are found also in a still more humiliating character, as the purchased handmaids and slaves of humbler men. The daughters of China by hundreds and thousands are in the market, and whoever has the means to purchase, and the ability to keep, or the hardihood to work them, may have them for the buying. In the houses of the high and wealthy these females are freed from low and degrading labor; they are handsomely dressed, and spend their time in as much pleasure as they can find in the retired quarters which are assigned them. They exhibit, in their manner and bearing, a sense of inferiority, and, sometimes, of degradation, painful to behold. Their very manner betrays an empty and unsatisfied heart, and their deportment, in many cases, proves that they realize their humiliating condi-

tion, and shows that they are sensible of the real state in which they live, which is one of servitude, from which they may be discharged at the pleasure or caprice of their masters. They are subordinate in every thing to the first or principal wife, and to her belong the children they bear to her husband. If sent away the inferior wife can not remove her children with her, unless it be the pleasure of her master, who can compel her to take them if he does not wish the trouble or expense of maintaining them, which is often the case if the children be females; and thus, when discharged, she either goes forth in loneliness or desolation worse than widowhood, to enter into new degrading relations, or, burdened with her offspring, to seek as she can a livelihood for herself and them. In the higher circles of life she is the gaudy ornament of the rich man's house, and the instrument of his pleasure; in the lower walks of life she is unquestionably the victim of a form of slavery which finds no parallel in enlightened or Christian lands—purchased and sold at her master's pleasure, and used at once as his instrument and his slave.

The most affecting element in this degradation of China's daughters is, that with them it is involuntary. It is a matter over which they have no control. When young they are the property of their parents, who look upon them—being females—as burdens, of which they are glad to be rid, and poverty, or want of parental feeling, induces them to throw their offspring into the market. When sold they are the property of their purchaser, and he uses them or disposes of them at his pleasure. I remember that during the distress of last year at Fuh-Chau female children might have been purchased by scores for the paltry sum of ten dollars. Nor are these sales confined altogether to the poor, nor to the very young. The daughter is the property of the father in any rank of society, and may be disposed of at his pleasure. We had rented a large piece of property from a respectable Chinaman, for the purposes of our mission, and advanced on it a considerable sum of money. The natives in the vicinity of the ground objected to our occupying it and building upon it, and the subject was brought into dispute and difficulty, which lasted about two years. At the end of the first year the officers wished to settle the matter by tendering to us a return of the money we had advanced. With this view they called upon the landlord to refund the money; but the money had been all expended, and the landlord had no resources from which to realize it again. He called upon us in his extremity and laid his case

before us. He knew of no way by which to secure the money except by the sale of two of his daughters, who had just reached the age of womanhood; and while he seemed willing to sell these, and anxious, in this way, to settle the matter and get clear of the officers, his only plea was, that we should lighten the burden as much as possible and let him off as easily as we could. Under such circumstances we felt unwilling to settle the matter in this way; and having already referred the whole subject to our Government, we refused to receive the money, and were thus saved from participating in the sale of two of China's daughters.

In such circumstances of degradation no wonder that we find suicide existing to a large extent among the females of China. Since the introduction of opium into the country, a drug which secures by its narcotic power an easy death, this dreadful practice is becoming fearfully common, and the oppressed and degraded female feels that she has in her power the means of freeing herself from the dominion of her master, and of putting a perpetual end to all her sorrows; and many a heartless husband now suddenly loses the wife that he degrades, and many a master loses at once the pleasure and the profits of his handmaid or slave.

Nor, when we look at woman's condition in this great empire, and realize it in all its aspects, need we wonder "that before her female offspring have drawn but few inhalations of a heathen atmosphere, with the prospect placed before the child which the mother knows, and feels in all its force, she quenches the fire of maternal love, and closes its existence by suffocation." This dreadful practice of infanticide prevails extensively throughout the empire. Parents destroy their female infants, in many cases, immediately after birth, and perhaps it is most generally done as soon as the child is known to be a female; for we can not suppose that they would choose to wait "for the eye to sparkle, and the smile of the expanding infant to work upon the maternal bosom—this would be too much for a mother's heart, even for a heathen Chinese mother." Yet in cases of poverty and want female children of riper age are often cast off and left to die of starvation. These little abandoned infants, some dead, some dying, scattered along the wayside, or, with a dim hope of eliciting sympathy, placed on the public thoroughfares, are by no means rare sights in China. Indeed, the birth of female children is looked upon, in nearly all families, as an affliction, and in nearly all cases the care required by them is viewed as profitless trouble

and vexation. Three ways are used to get rid of them whenever they become too numerous or burdensome—infanticide, abandonment, and sale. In rich men's houses the most genteel method of saving the family from too large a number of females, is to suffocate them as soon as born. This is also practiced among the poor, but not, I imagine, when there is a prospect of realizing any thing from their sale; and this is preferred for its profits, no matter into what circumstances of degradation and infamy it may bring their offspring.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CONVERSATIONAL POWERS OF GREAT MEN.

HAZLITT'S remark, that authors were seldom gifted with conversational powers, seems to be abundantly verified by fact. He says, "Authors ought to be read, and not heard;" and as to actors, they could not speak tragedies in the drawing-room, and their wit was likely to be comedy and farce at a second hand. The biography of men of letters, in a great measure, confirms this opinion; some of the greatest names in English and French literature, men who have filled books with an eloquence and truth that defy oblivion, were mere mutes before their fellow-men. They had golden ingots, which, in the privacy of home, they could convert into coin bearing an impress that would insure universal currency; but they could not, on the spur of the moment, produce the farthings current in the market-place. Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher; Lafontaine, celebrated for his witty fables; and Buffon, the great naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Marmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society, that a friend said of him, after an interview: "I must go and read his tales, to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him."

As to Corneille, the greatest dramatist of France, he was completely lost in society—so absent and embarrassed, that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, importing that he was never intelligible but through the mouth of another.

Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from that play of words in conversation, which, while it sparkles, dies; for Charles II, the wittiest monarch that ever sat on the English throne, was so charmed with the humor of "Hudibras," that he caused himself to be introduced, in the character of a private gentleman, to Butler, its author. The witty king found the author a very dull companion, and was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never

have written so clever a book. Addison, whose classic elegance of style has long been considered the model, was shy and absent in society, preserving, even before a single stranger, stiff and dignified silence.

Goldsmith, as described by his cotemporary writers, appeared in company to have no spark of that genius which shone forth so brightly in his works. His address was awkward, his manner uncouth, his language unpolished: he hesitated in speaking, and was always unhappy if the conversation did not turn upon himself.

There are exceptions to every rule: in the present instance, however, they serve but to confirm it.

Burns was famous for his colloquial powers; and Galt is reported to have been as skillful as the story-tellers of the east, in fixing the attention of his auditors on his prolonged narrations. Coleridge was in the habit of pouring forth brilliant, unbroken monologues of two or three hours' duration, to listeners so enchanted, that, like Adam, whose ears were filled with the eloquence of an archangel, they forgot "all place—all seasons, and their change;" but this was not conversation, and few might venture to emulate that "old man eloquent" with hopes of equal success.

Washington Irving, in the account he has given of his visit to Abbotsford, says of Sir Walter Scott, that "his conversation was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. He never talked for effect or display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his imagination. He was as good a listener as a talker; appreciated every thing that others said, however humble might be their rank and pretensions, and was quick to testify his perception of any point in their discourse. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts and opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures, seemed beneath him. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot, for a time, his vast superiority, and only recollected and wondered, when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, in whose society they had felt so perfectly at ease."

In conversation, Dante was taciturn or satirical. Gray and Alfieri seldom talked or smiled. Rousseau was remarkably trite in conversation—not a word of fancy or eloquence warmed him. Milton was unsocial, and even irritable, when much pressed by talk of others. Dryden has very honestly told us, "My conversation is dull and slow—my humor is saturnine and reserved; in short, I am not one of those who endeavor to break jest in company, or make repartees."

MORAL EDUCATION.*

BY REV. E. THOMSON, D. D.

FOURTHLY. The absurdity of the scheme appears from the connection between the different methods by which a teacher influences his pupils. What is the teacher? When he teaches arithmetic, he is not a mere slate; when he teaches penmanship, he is not a mere hand-writing on the wall; when he teaches reading, he is not a mere alphabet moved by a learned pig; he is a *man*, a whole man, and nothing but a man; and though you may hire him for *intellectual* service only, yet he will give you *moral* service or disservice. You can not have one side of him move while the other stands still. Many men seem to be under the delusion of a certain selfish southerner, who had a wife and child, and owned one-half of a negro named "Harry," and who prayed that God would bless him, and his wife, and his son, and his son's wife, and his *half* of Harry. Men generally are in no danger of this sort of delusion; they know that one side of a man can not well go without the other. When they employ a man to work with his hands they do not expect him to leave his eyes and ears at home; when you elect a senator you know that you do not merely send a pair of premises to Congress; and yet in regard to the schoolmaster they seem to adopt the views of certain philosophers, who look upon the brain as the mind, and suppose that while one side of it is asleep the other may be awake, thinking out its fractions of ideas and sentiments. The teacher has a moral nature, and so has the child; and you can no more bring them together without having a mutual action, than you can bring salt and water together without having a saline solution. The most *oppressed* man is still a man. You may hitch a slave to your cart with the ox, or chain him to your door for a watch-dog, but you can not reduce *God's* child to *man's* brute; he will still operate upon your moral nature and that of your family—it may be fearfully and forever.

The teacher may give no didactic instruction in morals or religion, and yet be a powerful moral educator. Voltaire did not systematize or argue, yet he did more to demoralize Europe than all its philosophers. He wisely preferred epigram to argument; for though few can reason, all can laugh; while logic is soon forgotten, wit can be retained, and relished, and retailed; and though ridicule is not the test of truth, yet de-

risation is a *practical* fallacy, as it leads us to reject without examination whatever has been its object. Peter Aretin perhaps subdued more princes with his lampoons than ever did Alexander with his sword. If the teacher be disinclined to wit, he may resort to sophistry; he need not mention any faith while he upsets in the youth's mind all faiths, or he may supply a false premiss, and let the mind go forward in correct reasoning to wrong conclusions; he need not state his false premiss, but merely allude to it as among curiosities or axioms. He may point out fallacies in the reasonings of others in such a way as to mislead. Every system may be supported by an invalid reasoning which is supposed to be correct merely because it leads to a true conclusion. Let a man select some of these fallacies used in support of truth, and construct similar ones whose inconclusiveness shall be apparent, and he need not point out the parallelism; he may leave the young mind to scent that out, and trust to it to proceed to a fallacy of its own; namely, that of denying the truth of a conclusion because certain premises used to prove it are false. Men may argue without syllogisms, may wrap up a couple of premises in a single word, and bring out a conclusion in an exhortation, as did Pilate's wife in a certain message to her husband. They may reason when they appear to be inquiring, as did the most profound of ancient reasoners—Socrates—habitually. Indirect instruction is all the more vivid and permanent for being indirect; the mind goes with its utmost speed when the guide, having put it upon the track, leaves it to itself. An explosion is none the less sure or less violent because the train is concealed. Men do wrong to sneer at little errors as though they were harmless. A little unarmed boy may slip a bolt at midnight and let armed enemies within the citadel. Hints from a man who dare not speak out may not be powerless. There is a doctrine which teaches that infinitesimal doses are most active. Whether homeopathy be true or not, the soul is apt to feel moral poison even in its decillionth dilution, especially if it be in the shape of forbidden sugar, for the prohibition produces a morbid sensibility.

But let us suppose—what is impossible—that you could reduce the human tongue in the teacher's mouth to a tinkling cymbal. He would still have a face, and this would be something more than a picture. Truth and lies, arguments and sophisms, hints and innuendoes, might play around it like lightning on the face of the thunder-cloud. Suppose you cover his face with a

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cowl, he will still put eloquence in his attitudes and movements. Who has not heard of the pantomime? The pointing of a finger, under certain circumstances, might arouse an army, and make all the difference of defeat and victory. Lovers may court by signs and wonders. If the teacher's person were concealed, you could not conceal his spirit. Ah, how often does this silently breathe its image upon a fellow-spirit! In utter weakness it may win conquests, and call forth the exclamation, "Though your arguments are worthless, your *spirit* has subdued me;" and spirit may reach spirit even though both be deaf and dumb.

Then there is a power—from which no man can divest himself—example—more effective than any other method of instruction, and which no caveat can cancel. Who has not heard of the fable of the frog that exhorted his offspring to walk upright? The influence of a master, however he may be trammelled, will always be great. "*Ipsæ dixit*," cries every qualified instructor's pupils with something of the same feeling as the pupils of Pythagoras. They are taught to take his statements in some things; they find them reliable so far as they can verify them. What shall prevent them from transferring the credibility with which they receive one class of his dicta to other classes, and, *a fortiori*, what shall prevent them from feeling the influence of his life? You might as well put a child in the fire, and pray that he may not be burnt, as put him under the care of a vicious master and hope that he will not be vicious. The contagion of example, like the malaria of cholera, works silently, insensibly, constantly, widely. Even men can scarce resist it—how then shall children? Think not a few cautions will save them. Behind their little eyes are active brains; and little as you think of it, they are capable of going through the most complicated processes of reasoning without knowing any thing of logic. They read countenances, they trace thoughts, they scent inconsistencies as the war-horse snuffs the battle from afar. What one Roman once said to another we may say to the teacher, "Thou shalt live so beset, so surrounded, so scrutinized by vigilant guards, that thou canst not stir a foot without their knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy wariest whisper;" and we may add, if thou art evil, thy careless look, or movement, or whisper may telegraph lies in immortal souls or fire trains upon the track of distant magazines. No district would put the small-pox in the school-house, yet vaccination is some protec-

tion against it; but there is no prophylactic against the virus of a bad example. Equally operative is a good example. What though the good man be blindfolded and speechless, still he is a good man. As well suppose that your children can gambol and sing upon the bosom of some flowery mountain without breathing its fragrance, and catching and bearing onward to eternity its forms of beauty, as that they may sit at the feet of a good man, day by day, without receiving the impress of his soul. He is a tree planted by the river's side; his branches shall spread, and his beauty be as the olive-tree, and his smell as Lebanon; and what though he dare not speak, they that dwell under his shadow shall return—they shall revive as the corn and grow as the vine. And who does not know that the impressions made upon young minds are lasting, like the image which Phidias wished to perpetuate by stamping it so deeply in the buckle of his Minerva that it should be impossible to obliterate it without destroying the statue itself! "Take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones."

Fifthly. We may show the impracticability of the scheme we are considering by the relation which the hearer sustains to what is uttered. I know that as in the natural world—as a general rule—like produces like, so in the moral the harvest is according to the seed. But as in the former climate, and soil, and prior cultivation have their influence upon the crop, so in the latter constitution, and education, and habits of association affect the germination and growth of that which is sown. In the road over the Andes there is a half-way house where the ascending and descending travelers meet for refreshments. Here, under the same temperature, those who have just come from the chilling breezes of the summit are panting with the heat, while they who have just quitted the sultry valleys of the base are shivering with the cold. Could we make the school-house a half-way house on the Andes of thought, so various are the moral elevations from which the children come, that what might chill the hearts of some might inflame those of others. In any Christian city you may find some families who breathe the air of heaven, and others who are as perfectly Pagan as are the inhabitants of Shanghai, and to whom a just conception of God would be a new revelation. A word, an allusion, a definition, an incident that might make one soul glow like a furnace, might leave the other like ice.

The associating principle has immense influence on minds; it, in a very great measure,

determines the effect which a truth shall have. Mr. Hartley, Sir James Mackintosh, and others have applied it to explain the origin of our moral sentiments. It is that property of our minds by which any object or state of consciousness—whether image, thought, or emotion—has a tendency to recall other states or objects of consciousness with which it has, in some way, been previously connected. Every thought received into the mind by its relations of time, place, cause and effect, resemblance or contrast, awakens a train of thought previously in the mind; its influence, therefore, depends upon the stores of knowledge which the mind possesses and its associating habits, as the result of the chemical test depends upon the affinities of the solution into which it is dropped.

Tell me that I shall say nothing to influence the moral character of those under my care, and you tell me nonsense. As well say that I shall restrain the atmosphere from bearing my breath in any direction except toward the north pole. They who forbid moral instruction generally overlook the fact that it is constantly going on. Though the school might not teach morals, the playground, and the street, and the market, and the tavern, and the promenade, and the auction-block will. Though the teacher do not teach the written decalogue, there are plenty of masters to proclaim an *unwritten* one: lust, and stealing, and blood, and Atheism preach without any license. Let the youth grow up and choose religion and morals for himself, and he may choose himself into the penitentiary long before he is fully grown. Men often *complain* of the ease with which the young mind receives a *religious* bias; but they ought to think of the greater ease with which it receives an *irreligious* one. The early age at which vicious tendencies appear, the prevalence of wickedness all through the world, the proneness of nations to degenerate, the acknowledged difficulties of virtue, and the shocking details of human history are familiar to all, and show that without resistance the soul must be borne downward.

But if any still object to the education of a child's moral nature, let him reflect upon that nature. It is the moral nature that gives us ideas of right, of duty, of obligation—next to that of God, the noblest conceivable ones; it is this which harmonizes the jarring elements of the breast; that alone can gird well for its conflict with passion, arm the soul with strength in every difficulty, patience under every pain, and a might that braves all the powers of hell. The idea of right may be misdirected, the impulse

to right may be misleading, the approbation of conscience may be misapplied, but still that idea is the greatest of all, that impulse of more value than the universe, and that approbation the richest reward that heaven can bestow. The moral nature is necessary in order that we may understand the character of God or receive a revelation of his will. It alone enables us to ascend the scale of being. However undeveloped a human mind may be, it has in it the elements of all intellectual combinations. So if a man have a moral nature he has the elements of virtue, and may ere long ascend the skies. The child at the breast that has but just caught a glimpse of the idea of right is a nobler being than the ancient archangel that has lost it. What though that archangel penetrate all mysteries and obtain all knowledge; what though he take up the isles in his intellectual scales and the hills in his mental balances; what though he measure the heavens with his astronomical rod, and weigh the planets with his mathematical steelyards; what though he combine all beautiful forms, and utter all the languages of earth and the harmonies of heaven; yet without a sense of right to guide him he would be no angel, no man—only an awful reasoning brute. He would need a chain to bind him; and the more glorious his faculties, the stronger must be that chain. True, he might be governed, as a tiger, by fear; but how else than by chain or fear, if the idea of right were absent from his soul? We could admire such a being as we admire the whirlwind or the earthquake, but we could not *love* him any more than we could the steam-engine. To him blasphemy, perjury, murder, would be as worship, and song, and beneficence. Though he might remove mountains, he could not be "just;" though he might sacrifice himself, he could not be benevolent; though he might wallow in lust, he could not feel shame; and though he might spread ruin around him, he could feel no remorse; he could have no aspiration for purity, no drawing toward God. So would a *man* be without a moral nature. Unhappily the world has given some illustrations of this remark. Dr. Rush has given one case, Dr. Crawford another, and Dr. Haslem a third. These are familiar to the readers of philosophy. I have received from a colleague—Dr. Merriek—the following, which fell under his own observation:

"S. G. in early life gave singular indications of a total want of the moral nature. Almost as soon as he could speak his mouth was filled with cursing and deceit. He would steal whatever

he wished, and from his best friends as soon as from any other; but he was careful to guard against detection. He was utterly unmanageable at school. He possessed sound intellect, an acute apprehension, a good judgment on all but moral subjects, and a ready memory; but his passions and propensities were without any regulator except his sense of interest. For amusement he set fire to the house in which his parents dwelt. When six or eight years old he took a dislike to an infant brother, which on one occasion he threw into the hog-pen, on another buried alive in the ground, and on another threw into a well, the child strangely escaping in each case with its life. As he grew in years he grew in wickedness, till, when about eighteen years old, he took a young child belonging to a sister, and, carrying it to the woods, literally pounded it to death. For this he was sent to the state prison at Charlestown, Mass. Here he refused to submit to discipline, and the authorities were unable to subdue him. He had never labored, and declined doing the tasks assigned him. As a last resort, he was placed in a cistern, where he was obliged to work a pump or allow the water to rise above his head; he allowed it to rise, and was taken out only when life was nearly extinct. He was at length pardoned. He had now become an incarnate fiend. Not only women and children fled from his presence, but men. Many breathed easier when he ceased to breathe. I do not know that I ever saw any thing in him which indicated a moral susceptibility, nor did I ever hear of any thing that did. He was insensible to kindness, and incapable of any attachment except that of the beast for his fellows of the pasture."

Parent, would you have your son, for a score of years, or even a year, in such a state? Would you not rather follow him to the grave? Well, remember that, though congenital cases of this kind are rare, artificial ones are not—the conscience, by bad cultivation or neglect of cultivation, may be seared as with a hot iron.

God has given you a son with all the elements of a man; day by day you watch and pray over his unfolding powers, and rejoice especially to mark the ideas of right, and duty, and gratitude—the feeling after God—the aspiration after a better state. How painful would it be to see the light of his fine eye go out, or the power to guide his feet or stretch his arms fail, and then to see the light of reason, and imagination, and memory slowly extinguished, leaving him an idiot in your arms! But still you could carry him with tenderness if only there were left the

idea of right, the power to love the good, to be grateful for your kindness, and to breathe after a higher life. But, O, to see the light of conscience go out, and though the *form* of man be left, though the intellect blaze forth with celestial brilliancy, yet the power of self-government, and the power of being loved, and the connection with good men and angels, and the sympathy with God, is gone. Let us have "blue laws," puritanical strictness, any thing, rather than uneducated, neglected, put-out consciences.

But the objectors generally say, "Teach morals, if only you do not teach dogmas." But what morals? Of course, you would not allow us to treat of the ground of moral obligation—perhaps you will tell us of the rule of life. Shall I go to the Spartan, who bids the youth to steal, and praises him if he cover the theft; who allows a large margin of licentious indulgence to the husband, and a limited compensation to the wife; who permits the master to kill his slave, and commends him if he commit suicide himself? or shall I go to the Roman, who says, "I will avenge all injuries according as I am provoked by any," and who thinks no lie should be used in contracts? Shall I go to the Mohammedan, who tells me to give alms to the widow and orphan, pray five times a day looking toward Mecca, make the pilgrimage to the Caaba, and eat no meat during the fast of the Ramadan? or shall I go to the modern moralists, who, having burst the shackles of the priesthood, have poured such floods of light upon the subject?

"No, no," I fancy the objector says, "we can agree that the decalogue and our Savior's summary of it in the law of love to God and man shall be taught in common schools till we can find a better rule of life." But then how shall we make the pupils receive it? It will not do to say that it is the law of God; this were a religious dogma. Shall we get the civil law to enforce it? But the civil law can not control the heart, and it is the motive which characterizes the moral action. Indeed, the difficulty always has been more in the absence of the right impulse than the right rule.

"Proba meliora
Deteriora sequor."

The intellect may apprehend the rule as the eyes may see the road, but it can no more obey than the eyes can walk. Well, what motives shall we present? Shall we say, with one philosopher, there is a God, or, with another, there is no God? Shall we say, with Socrates, that God overrules the world, or, with Aristotle, that

he is not concerned with any thing beneath the moon? Shall we suppose, with Cicero, that there is a future state, or, with Pliny, that there is none? Or shall we find our motives in modern philosophers, whose creeds, to say the least, are no less contradictory? Suppose we teach that there is one God, that he governs the world, that man is responsible to him, and that there is a future state of rewards and punishments: these are all dogmas, and the skeptic insists on their exclusion. He plants himself upon the Constitution. The amendment to which he refers was, however, set up as a monument against religious persecution, not as a caveat against religious principle. Had it been proposed in the convention which framed the Constitution to repudiate the Christian religion, or to express indifference to all religions, or to forbid the inculcation of Christian doctrine in the common schools of the republic, who that knows any thing of our fathers does not feel certain that such a proposition would have been promptly rejected? The infidel may, however, go below the Constitution, and insist that society has no right to require him to pay for any thing which is not essential to its existence. But are not religious principles essential to society? Without it, where can you find a sufficient sanction for law, especially in a republic? If we are to have a religion, we are shut up to the Christian religion. We have too much intelligence to adopt any other. And, surely, there is no reason to complain when the public teachers inculcate only those leading truths of the recognized religion of the nation, which breathe in the national spirit, mold the national mind, direct the march of national events, are recognized the world over as the leading principles of the Christian faith, and which all experience shows are the stability of the times.

I grant there is a difficulty in thus limiting our religious instruction. But it may be met by a judicious selection of teachers. Let them be men of true goodness and of enlarged views.

The difficulties spoken of are not peculiar to common schools. The state interferes with morals and religion. It passes laws against profanity, murder, adultery, polygamy, in disregard of the Atheist, the Pagan, the perfectionist, and the Mormon, who respectively may feel *conscientiously* bound to blasphemy, infanticide, the violation of the marriage vow, and a plurality of consorts. The state also recognizes great religious principles. In her judicial oaths, in her public fasts and thanksgivings, in her designation of time, in her observance of the Sabbath,

in all the branches of the government, she recognizes the being and attributes of God, his providence over the earth, and the redemption of the world by Jesus Christ. Should she cease to do so she would practically ordain Atheism. You may say give us neither Atheism nor Deism, Christianity nor Rationalism, in the government, as though you could separate the legislation of a people from its religious and moral ideas. You might as well attempt to separate the Mississippi from its tributaries.

Well, as much religion as we have in the government we may surely have in the school. There is one question to which I would like to devote attention if I had space. May we not safely intrust religion to priests and parents? If so, although we may admit that it is necessary to government, it may not be allowable in schools. Preaching comes too late—after moral character is in a great measure formed; and if any one would trust parental instruction, let him consider the characteristics of this restless, speculative, money-getting, moving, heterogeneous people. The school-house is the great fountain of national character, and sends forth sweet or bitter waters through all the streams of the nation's thought. It must be in the hands of either religious or irreligious men. Let it fall into the latter, and Cataline is at the gate of our Rome.

"TIS A COLD WINTER NIGHT."

BY ELLA ENFIELD.

It is a dreary night; the storm sweeps past,
Borne along by the chilling, wintry blast;
And the desolate winds are loud and high,
And the clouds grow dark in the dismal sky.
Like the waves of the bounding, raging seas,
When lashed by the winds, are the forest trees,
As before the power of the rudest storms
They bend their lofty and majestic forms.
The ivy still clings to the rugged oak,
Though its beauty's flown and its tendrils broke;
While the withered leaves, as they dance along,
In weird measures beat to their mystic song.
The Old Year had don'd her richest array,
When Winter's breath swept her beauty away;
And the New Year has scarce stepped on the throne,
When, lo! Winter puts on his rudest frown.
Old Boreas comes from his home to-night,
To rule the storm with his boasted might;
The discordant sounds of his "war-cry" rise
Above the roar of the warring skies.
For the homeless now 'tis a fearful hour,
To brave the storm in its ruthless power;
Let us raise a prayer for the orphaned one,
And for those who know not the bliss of home!

AMENITIES AMONG CHRISTIANS.

IT is sometimes the case, that good and kind-hearted people imbibe, on certain points, a rigidity of opinion, or an undue expectation of conformity, which is both disagreeable and inexpedient. It is a kind of despotism against which enlightened intellect revolts. I am not ignorant that it has been numbered among the tendencies of age, though I have never observed it to be exclusively confined to that period. On the contrary, I have seen and admired in many old persons an increase of candor, a reluctance to condemn, and a mitigation of all austerity, like the mellowing of rich fruit, ripe for the harvest. Those amiable friends seemed to have taken the advice of the clear-minded and benevolent Franklin, not to tarry in the basement rooms of the Christian edifice, but to make haste and get into the upper chamber, which is warm with the sunlight of charity.

While we concede liberty of judgment to others, we should use courtesy in the expression of our own. It is both fitting and wise that dissenting opinions should be wrapped in gentle speech. Were it always so, much of the bitterness of strife would evaporate, and controversies lulled into harmony, make only a stronger music to the ear of humanity.

These amenities mingling with our religious belief should repel bigotry. That we should be attached to the form of faith that has long sustained and solaced us is natural and commendable. But if there has been ever a period in which we were inclined to think that "we alone were the people, and wisdom must die with us," it is time to dismiss the assumption. For among the many good lessons that age has taught us should be toleration and humility. Through much discipline and many sorrows, it instructs us that true religion is not a wall to shut out our fellow-beings, nor a balance in which to weigh grains of doctrine, nor a rack on which to stretch varying opinions, nor a javelin to lanch at different complexions of faith, but "peace, and love, and good-will to men." It should have enabled us to make progress in the last and highest grace, benignant and saintly charity.

Hear the noble suffrage of John Wesley, when advanced years had fully instructed his large mind and heart: "My soul loathes the frothy food of contending opinions. Give me solid, substantial religion. Give me a humble lover of God and of man, full of mercy and good fruits, laying himself out in works of faith, in the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

My soul shall be with such Christians, where-soever they are, and whatsoever doctrines they may hold."

"Men who *think*, will *differ*," writes the learned Dr. Priestly, "but true Christians will ever be candid."

"I do not wish," said Rowland Hill, with his characteristic pleasantry, "the walls of separation between different orders of Christians destroyed, but only a little lowered, that we may shake hands over them."

"The nearer we approximate to universal love," said the large-minded, large-hearted Robert Hall, "the higher we ascend in the scale of Christian excellence."

We blame the folly of the Egyptian queen, yet overlook their greater madness, who dissolve in the sharp acid of contention the priceless pearl of charity, the soul's chief wealth, and venture to stand in their reckless poverty before a Judge who requireth love, and the deeds of love, as a test of loyalty, and a shield from wrath. In his dread presence we must all appear, and appeal only as sinners, having "left undone the things that we ought to have done, and done the things that we ought not to have done." From this parity of condition should spring brotherhood of feeling. Hand in hand let us kneel before the throne of the great Pardoners.

A simple, significant incident was once related in the discourse of a Scottish divine. It was as follows:

Two cottagers, dwelling under the same roof, became alienated. It so happened that both were employed at the same time in thatching their tenement. Each heard the sound of the other's hammer, and saw the progress of his work, yet took no friendly notice.

But at length, as they approached nearer, they looked in each other's face and chanced to smile. That smile was a messenger from heaven. With it came the thought how much better it would be for those who dwell under one roof to be at peace in their hearts.

Then they shook hands. They said, "*Let us be friends*," and a new, great happiness became theirs.

Are we not, all of us, dwellers under God's roof, and as Christians engaged in the same work? Is not the silent lapse of years bringing us nearer and nearer toward each other? Let us then press on in love, till by his grace, our thatching well done, we meet on the top at last, and mingle in with the joy of angels.—

Mrs. Sigourney's Past Meridian.

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. BITHIA B. LEAVITT.

CHAPTER I.

"FOR what am I living? what the object of my every-day's existence? I rise in the morning—live through the day—retire at night—sleep—rise again—live—live! but *for what* do I live? Alas! I do not know; paltry nothings consume my time; they are but empty pleasures, which I despise while pursuing. O, I have no object—I have no aim—*miserable existence!*" and the heart of the young girl *ached* while she thus soliloquized. In the excitement of her feelings she spoke aloud; but, startled by the sound of her voice, she looked around to see if any heard. No person was near; the bright, genial sunshine of a spring afternoon beamed sweetly upon her; the light breeze wafted a thousand delicious odors around; all nature seemed rejoicing in love and beauty. Oppressed by the very softness of the sunshine and the stillness which reigned, Clara Spencer quickened her pace, hummed a tune; but the tune died upon her lips, and her steps gradually slackened to their former sauntering pace. The sky was very blue that afternoon; not a cloud of the most fleecy whiteness colored the vast dome above, and there was a softness in the sunshine peculiarly wooing in its influences. The trees were just donning their richest verdure, and the anemones and violets—first flowerets of spring—with all their coyness, drooping their little heads with a modest blush, seemed, nevertheless, to court the admiration of the passer-by. All this varied loveliness but deepened the sigh and saddened the heart of Clara, as she slowly moved toward her own home. She had just witnessed the funeral services of a youth of eighteen. He was the eldest son of fond parents, the idol of young sisters, the flattered and caressed favorite of numerous friends. Wealth had lavished her comforts, her luxuries, her flowers, upon his pathway. Intellectual labor was becoming a delight, and he had returned to his studies from his visit to his home all eager for the honors of his class, and burning to win a name worthy to be enrolled among the great ones of earth.

"There!" he exclaimed, as he dashed down his book, "there! I have conquered the last difficulty, I have mastered my studies, and I am to be Valedictorian. Hail, Examination! hail, you ill-tempered critics that pother your own brains that you may torture ours—that study knotty questions but to entangle us! hail! I am prepared. A few short weeks of gay recreation, and

then—and then—*then*!"—visions, sparkling, glorious visions, danced before his imagination. He threw himself back in his chair, and reveled amid scenes of future greatness and glory. Examination time came, passed, and the young student won for himself the esteem and applause of the college. The halls were thronged for commencement exercises. Each student in his turn commanded the attention of personal friends; but when Edward Stanton came forward as the last speaker, a common interest was manifested. He reviewed the course of study his class had pursued; showed with what industry they had sought to unvail the obscurities of language—to expose the simple majesty of the Greek and flowing grandeur of the Latin—to appreciate the excellences of both poetic and prose composition. He alluded to the ambition they had in common felt to master the abstrusities of science and dive into the mysteries of metaphysics; to soar to the most distant star, and fathom the lowest deep; to discover and understand the laws of nature. "And now, my friends," continued he, "the moment has arrived in which to speak the sad, sad word 'farewell.' We have together drank of the deep, broad streams of knowledge; but instead of quenching the thirst with which we approached their banks, far intenser desires have been created—desires which shall burn with an ever-increasing ardor, long as the spirit breathed into man by the almighty God shall exist. We separate, my classmates, but let us never forget the beautiful motto we have chosen for our own—'Excelsior.' We separate, each to take our place in life; but may we not, as we think of difficulties already conquered, obstacles already surmounted, energies but developed, not daunted—may we not, in view of what lies before, covered, it is true, with a thin but impenetrable veil—may we not exclaim, 'We are prepared—we will triumph!' Yes, yes, there is a voice—the voice of faith—not whispering in the ear, but speaking methinks in thunder tones, echoing from each recess of the soul, 'You *can* triumph!' My classmates, *we shall triumph*. Let us, then, on, on to the battle of life." His eye was flashing; his form, slight and graceful, was expanded to its full height; and speaking with an energy that showed the *spirit's* power, he seemed to grasp the shadowy future, and clothe it with the present. Every eye was riveted upon him; every heart caught the spirit of the speaker. Old men were carried back to their youthful days, when they occupied the position of that young student. They forgot the years of toil that had intervened; the struggles, the

discouragements that had thickened along their paths—all, all, was forgotten in the enthusiasm of the moment. The speaker paused; the flush in a measure passed from his cheek, his eye softened into a milder luster, and, turning to his instructors, thanked them in terms eloquently simple for their fidelity and forbearance, their reproofs and encouragements, and then, in the name of the class, bade them farewell. Diplomas were delivered, gratulations followed, and Edward Stanton retired to his room, too much excited to gain the repose necessary to recruit his wasted strength.

Morning came; but, instead of preparations for returning home, the lightning fled on rapid wing to announce to Mr. and Mrs. Stanton the sudden illness of their beloved son. They hastened to his bedside; but in time to receive the faint pressure of the almost palsied hand, and catch the last sigh escaping the lips so eloquent in life now chilling in death. Those lips had recently exclaimed, while viewing time and its demands, "I am prepared—I will triumph!" What said they when death's grim visage and startling voice demanded his preparations for *eternity*? Said they, "Though I walk through the shadow of the valley of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me?" Asked they of Death, "Where is thy sting?" of the Grave, "Where is thy victory?" Alas! silence sealed them; death sealed them; the grave sealed them. As the flashing meteor darts along the sky, startling the beholder with surprise and admiration, and then in a moment loses itself in ether or dashes into the abyss of ocean, so this youthful spirit had started forth, sparkled for a time, and as suddenly closed his transient career in the dark waters of eternity.

It was beside his cold form, hushed into rigidity, Clara Spencer had been standing. *Could* any other than most solemn thoughts press into the mind of the young girl, gay and light-hearted though she be? *Could* any other question occupy her attention than the great leading question presented to all upon the very threshold of accountable existence—*what is the end for which I live?* Philosophy has uttered her voice in answer to the query. Sects, numerous and diversified as the stars of heaven, all differing as one star differeth from another star in glory, have had their systems and their theories; but let these be simplified, and it will be found that all originate, and all terminate in the single desire filling the universal heart of mankind—"I want to be happy." Clara felt this *want* when she murmured to herself, "No, no, I am not happy—

I am not happy; but I wish to be, I *ought* to be, I *will* be; so away, away, these sober thoughts that *always* leave a sting; there is no reason in the world why I shouldn't be the happiest creature in it. Why is it, with every thing to contribute to my happiness, I am always uneasy and discontented? There is cousin Lucy, with comparatively nothing to render life pleasant and desirable, and yet *she* is always as happy as a bird. What can be the reason of such a vast difference?" As Clara ascended the marble steps and entered the spacious hall, she again repeated to herself, "Yes, I *ought* to be happy, and I am determined at once to make an effort to be so."

CHAPTER II.

"There, dearest mother, you have had your bath, and seem so comfortable, I will leave you to rest awhile; and if you wish the least thing, just tap the bell, and I'll hear you. Here is a kiss, too, to sweeten your slumbers," and the daughter bent over the emaciated form to bestow the promised caress. A tear, a single tear, a little tear, but a *tear* containing its world of meaning, had escaped from its fountain, and just as the lips pressed the cheek it fell upon the brow of the parent.

"Lucy, my child, my loved one, what means this? what sorrow have you, my daughter, unknown to your mother? Come and nestle in my bosom, and tell me what distresses you. You are not wont to conceal from your mother," and the maternal hand was outstretched to draw the daughter to her breast.

"O, mother dear, never mind; it was a moment of weakness; you know how foolish I am sometimes. Do not let it disturb you; it is gone now. Try and sleep as sweetly as possible, and be sure to tap your bell as soon as you awaken. Now mind me, will you?" and Lucy tried to speak playfully as she again pressed a kiss upon her parent's brow.

"Yes, dear, leave me now, and I will endeavor to compose myself, for I need rest. But, my daughter," added she, "my daughter, you know the source of all strength. If any other sorrow is added to those you already have, go to the mercy-seat—go to your Savior. He has promised to bear your griefs and carry your sorrows. Go, my child, and may the angel of the covenant go with you!"

Lucy gently lowered the blind, drew the curtains, and silently withdrew to her own little room. Truant tears that had started to her eyes, and been refused expression, now flowed again,

and throwing herself on the bed, Lucy gave vent to her stifled emotion.

"O, has it come to this! has it come to this!" she murmured. "Must I let my mother suffer rather than apply to my uncle for a support? Suffer! no, my mother; much you have borne for me, it is little I can do for you. But those stern, dark eyes! how can I encounter them? Never, never can I summon the courage." She paused. "I summon the courage!" she repeated slowly; "indeed, never; but, 'through Christ strengthening, I can do all things.'" Lucy fell upon her knees, and in an agony of soul poured out her desires and petitions into the ear of Him who has declared, "Cast thy burdens upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." O, how sublime the faith that flowed into that youthful breast while bowed at the mercy-seat! How pure and holy that light which spread over that sweet face, so lately drenched with tears! and what a strength infused to perform whatever duty Providence might impose! "Yes, yes, mother is right," thought she; "I must fly to the cross—and, O, what love and mercy are there blended!" She seated herself with the consciousness of new strength of soul, both to plan and execute. The past came up before her. The happiness that had spread through their little household but a few short years before, the illness and death of her beloved father, the subsequent struggles of herself and mother, the present debility of that mother, all passed before her. And now what was to be done? Their once comfortable support had been gradually diminishing, and the time had arrived when something *must* be put in operation to yield her the necessaries of life—her mother its comforts, and, if possible, some of its luxuries. But what could she do? Plan after plan occurred; plan after plan was rejected. There were insuperable objections to every thing upon which her mind could fasten. There was her piano—she might give music lessons; but her piano had been locked for months—her mother could not bear the sound. Perhaps it could be moved to some other place—how could she leave her mother? A teacher was wanted in the new seminary to instruct in the very branches of study with which she was most familiar. That would be the very thing; but then her *mother*—she would be so lonely; indeed, could not possibly dispense with her. Scarcely an hour of the day but she performed for her some little office of love and comfort. *What could she do?* The future, with the threatening attitude of a hideous monster, arrayed in terror and darkness, started up before her, but

not a fear agitated, not a sigh escaped. That young heart wavered not from the faith it had reposed in the Rock of Ages. With an upward glance of trustful love, Lucy whispered, "'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee'—'tis mine, 'tis mine, and I will cling to it." The little bell tinkled, and Lucy entered her mother's room with a calm step and cheerful countenance.

"Come here, my child," said Mrs. Warner, "come and sit by me while I talk with you a little." Lucy obeyed; but as she drew toward the bed she observed the pale face had become more pallid, and the eye that had been sunken and dimmed by disease now shed forth a brighter luster. Mrs. Warner raised herself upon the pillows; her eyes closed, and Lucy beheld the big tears forcing themselves through the quivering lids. "Mother, dearest mother, what can be the matter? Tell me, tell me quickly, what so distresses you. I hoped you had been sleeping, but you look exhausted; you do not feel worse?" and she fondly stroked the faded cheek, and wiped the tears from her eyes.

"I am somewhat exhausted, my Lucy, but while I have strength I would talk with you. I feel, my child, that disease has almost accomplished its ravages upon my poor body; my feeble strength can not long endure. And, O, to leave you, Lucy, alone to battle with life's trials—alone to—"

"O, speak not thus, dearest mother!" interrupted Lucy, throwing herself upon her parent's bosom; "do not thus agonize me; do not talk of leaving me! O my Father, spare the impending stroke! It can not be; it must not be; it shall not be!"

"Be calm, my child, be calm. Let not rebellious words escape your lips. God is love. He doth not willingly afflict; and though I am conscious that decay is rapidly progressing, my spirit, Lucy, my *spirit* mounts up on wings as eagles. When I think of leaving the world, with all its cares and all its woes, to worship before Him whom my soul adores, washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, and to meet your beloved father—a glorified spirit—O Lucy, the thought is ecstatic; I feel not my weakness; I feel not my body. No, no, I soar above it all. Tears fall but for you, my poor child. The contemplation of your lonely orphanage falls upon me at times with an almost crushing weight; but faith sustains the shock, and I have a sweet assurance that all shall but tend to the glory of God. From your earliest infancy I have endeavored to instill principles of truth; and I thank God, my child, you have learned that this life is but a

prelude to the one hereafter. We may here strike upon the harp of life a few chords that resound with melody; but there, my daughter, shall one eternal chorus of music burst from the golden strings, thrilling all heaven with its rapturous praise. Think much of heaven, my child, of the richness of redeeming love, of the glories of the cross, and their contemplation will lift you above the cares of the world, while its empty pleasures and vain pursuits will sink to their proper insignificance. And now, Lucy, seek for grace to bear this trial—the loss of the last friend you have on earth who will sympathize with and cherish you. Let it but draw you with a stronger cord to the side of your blessed Savior; and comparing your sufferings with his, keen though they be, your heart will be subdued, your affections purified, and Christ will reign there to sustain and guide. Try, my child, try through grace, to refrain from the least thought that would reflect upon the goodness of your heavenly Father; and, in thus trying, you will realize that supporting faith which alone can enable the soul to triumph in the hour and power of darkness."

Lucy had sunk upon the bed, overcome by her intense emotions. When her mother ceased speaking, she slowly raised her head, and, with a look that pierced to the very soul of that sympathizing parent, exclaimed, passionately, "O, mother, why does fortune select me as a fitting object on which to wreak its vengeance? why?"

"My child, my child," interrupted Mrs. Warner, "you amaze me. '*Fortune*,' Lucy?"

"O no, no, dear mother, not fortune—Providence. God forgive me! I know that providence is in every event; but why, O why, must I so young be required to suffer such anguish? My sun scarce risen, and yet shrouded in gloom; my father snatched from our circle ere I could repay his love; want, poverty, threatening every day; but, above all, my mother—*my mother*—fading from my view, leaving me to wander over earth alone—O, is not my heart breaking—breaking, mother?" and, with a look of inexpressible agony, she tightly and convulsively clasped her hands upon her breast.

"My love, my Lucy," replied Mrs. Warner, putting her arm tenderly around her daughter, "God has, indeed, chosen you hitherto in the furnace of affliction. You have suffered much for one so young; but has it not resulted in bringing you to the cross? What would you now take, Lucy, for these very lessons, painful though they have been? But," added she, with a graver expression and in a more chiding tone,

"Lucy, you are not wont to speak in this rebellious way of the dealings of Providence."

"It was wrong, sinful, I know," replied the young girl, mournfully, burying her face in the bed-clothes; "but, O mother, how weak, how very prone to unbelief is the heart! It was but a little while ago I left you, depressed with a sense of our pecuniary wants, and I went to my own room to implore grace for every trial, and"—

"And you received the grace you sought; you were blessed with a view of your Savior, Lucy; your faith was strengthened, and you felt strong to endure. I saw it in your serene countenance when you came into my room. Ah, my child, what light *will* emanate from those who have been with Jesus!"

"Yes, mother, but it is all gone now," replied Lucy, with a heavy sigh, while the tears streamed down her cheek. "My grace has just been tried, and fails. O, I shall never, never, be established in the life of faith!"

"Do not despond, my beloved child," said Mrs. Warner, while her whole heart melted in love toward that struggling spirit; "do not despair; but remember that it is by overcoming each trial as it is presented that the soul becomes grounded and established in faith and holy living. God gave you grace to bear the approach of poverty, and now, my child, seek for grace to sustain you in this heaviest trial. 'Ask, and it shall be given; seek, and ye shall find,' are the words of the immutable God; they must be fulfilled. O my child, I deeply, deeply, feel your distress; but remember 'whom God loveth, he chasteneth.' Let not your heart leave the mercy-seat, my dear Lucy, till you can say, with a sweet acquiescence, 'Thy will be done.'"

That night, when Mrs. Warner was composed to sleep, Lucy trimmed the lamp anew, replenished the oil, and retired to her own room.

The same spirit that sustained the ancient patriarch to wrestle in prevailing prayer till break of day brooded over the young girl, as in the silence of night and solitude she prostrated herself before the throne of grace. Midnight witnessed her struggles; the bright morning star rose to celebrate the victory of her faith. The sun was scarce risen ere Lucy found herself walking with a quick, elastic step toward her uncle's dwelling. It was a fine, large, old-fashioned mansion, situated upon a high eminence; and the elegant cultivation of the grounds showed the owner to be a person of wealth and refinement. A broad avenue wound in a spiral from the base to the top of the hill, terminating in an extensive area in front of the house. The

well-cut lawn was adorned here and there with clumps of forest-trees, and a rich variety of flowers, jeweled with the sparkling dew, shed forth their delicious fragrance upon the morning air. As Lucy arrived at a certain point of the road she paused. The sun had been obscured by a dense cloud, which reposed in sullen grandeur upon the top of a distant hill; but, as if to smile upon and cheer her onward, it burst at that moment from its screen, robing all objects in its light and glory. Its beams darted to the bosom of a little lake beneath, and, as they kissed its tiny waves, they danced and sparkled as if rejoicing to reciprocate their morning salutations. Lucy had been for a few days more than usually confined to her mother's sick bed, and she now found the coolness doubly refreshing. She threw off her bonnet, eager to drink the exhilarating draughts of pure air, and her spirit gushed forth in loving gratitude to Him the Creator of such loveliness.

"O, how delightful," she exclaimed, "how sweet and beautiful is every thing around me! Can any one be any thing but *happy* in such a spot? One would think so; but, O Sin! Sin! thou didst enter Paradise, and, with thy polluting touch, despoiled its fairest beauty—and where now is the place in which thou intrudest not thy hideous visage?"

Lucy looked toward the house, and sighed as she reflected that not one of its inmates but bore the lineaments of that image—that not one had any perception of the divine plan by which beauty and harmony, virtue and love, could be restored to this sin-disordered universe.

"Is my uncle at home?" inquired Lucy of the servant whom she found engaged polishing the already polished marble steps.

"He is at home, but I do not know whether he is up," replied the man. "But walk in, Miss Warner, and I will inform him."

"I will go to the library," returned Lucy; "and you need not acquaint Miss Clara of my coming, as I am in a hurry this morning."

She passed through the spacious hall, and still more spacious parlors, rich with their elegant furniture, and seated herself in the library to await her uncle's entrance. Now she hears his step; her heart throbs wildly; the color fades from her cheek; even the lips assume an ashy hue; the breathing is oppressed; and rising from the sofa, she seeks the open window. One short, fervent, ejaculatory prayer—"O my Father, give me strength!"—her faith is reassured, and all again is calm.

"Good-morning, uncle," said she, as the tall,

majestic figure of Mr. Spencer moved into the room.

"Good-morning, Lucy."

"I was afraid of disturbing you by coming at so early an hour, uncle; but mother always sleeps well in the morning, and I can better leave her at this time."

"I am in the habit of early rising," replied Mr. Spencer.

A pause ensued—a dreadful pause to poor Lucy. What should she say next? Again her heart ascends, "O my Father, give me strength!"

"You seem to have something to say to me, Lucy," said Mr. Spencer at length, observing her embarrassed look. "What is it—can I do any thing for you?"

The words were well enough, *implied* enough; but, O, what a world of difference as *manner* differs! Lucy was awed, chilled; but from her trusting heart went up momentarily the secret cry, "Give me strength—give me strength!" Making a desperate effort, she said, "Uncle, I should not have intruded upon you but for my mother's sake. I have come this morning to acquaint you with some of my difficulties, if you feel disposed to listen, and"—

"I thought it would come to this," muttered the uncle. "Well, tell me what you have to say," returned he, as he beheld her hesitate.

Poor Lucy! what would she not have given for one encouraging look, one affectionate word! Her heart was full; but the sob was suppressed, the tear dashed from the eye; all her courage summoned.

"I do not wish to apologize, uncle, for what I have to say. As you know, my mother is wasting away, and for the last few months it has taken all the economy of which I am mistress to supply us with those things necessary to our comfort. Our little stock of money is nearly exhausted, and," added she, ingenuously, "I have come to ask *you* for means adequate to my mother's wants"—

"And your own, eh?" interrupted Mr. Spencer, with a sarcastic smile.

"No, uncle," replied Lucy, and despite her efforts the color would mount to her cheek, and her voice assume a more spirited accent, "no, I ask for my mother *alone*."

"And you, my little girl, what will become of you? you can not *starve*."

"I do not expect to *starve*," replied Lucy, meekly. "If I seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, I have a right to expect all these things will be added." Mr. Spencer cast a quick, searching look at Lucy. Of all things he

detested this quoting of Scripture, and from the mouth of a young girl it was nothing but absolute cant. However, Lucy's clear blue eye bore the keen scrutiny of those dark orbs with unflinching steadfastness, and she added, in a confident tone, "I can easily obtain some employment that will yield me all that is necessary—beyond this I care not, if my mother only has those comforts that her delicate state imperiously demand, and to which she has always been accustomed."

"Your father left *something*, I thought—is that all gone?" inquired Mr. Spencer, in the same cold tone of voice.

"Your father!" ah, that word was too much for Lucy's burdened heart. She could bear coldness; she could bear suspicion; but an allusion to her beloved father thrilled her with pain. Her lips quivered, her eyes filled with tears; in vain, she tried to refuse her emotion; again the fervent prayer arose from her aching heart, "O my Father, *give me strength!*" With some degree of calmness, she replied, "Yes, uncle, he left us a comfortable support; but my mother knew nothing of the real value of money, and through various causes it has dwindled away instead of producing, and I am forced, painful though it be, in consideration of my mother's comfort, to apply to her nearest relative."

"Yes, yes, I *am* her nearest relative," said Mr. Spencer, impatiently; "but she married without my approbation."

"I thought my father was much beloved as a man of the most honorable character," exclaimed Lucy, with the utmost astonishment depicted in her countenance.

"Honorable! yes, honorable he was; but his head was stuffed with all the nonsensical mummeries of so-called religion!"

"And a heart refined and purified by religion's graces," interrupted Lucy, rising. A new light shone from that gentle eye—a flush glowed upon the cheek—and, with a voice firm and clear, she added, "I came this morning, uncle, unknown to my mother, to acquaint you with her circumstances. Let not a word militate against him whom I loved and revered as a father. *His memory is sacred from any words of disparagement.*"

Lucy spoke gently and respectfully; but there was a certain air of dignity that could not but be felt. The stately man was awed by the presence of that young creature; and although Mr. Spencer was a haughty man, nevertheless, beneath a stern exterior, there existed, deep down in the heart, some of those kindlier feelings that belong to human nature. He had been displeased with his sister's marriage on account of, as he

expressed it, Mr. Warner's religious vagaries. This prejudice had been in a measure overcome as he had become better acquainted with him; still there always existed a restraint between the two families—a restraint not expressed in words, but felt by all, and influencing all in their occasional seasons of intercourse. Friendship had ever been maintained between Clara and her cousin Lucy; and yet, owing to the totally different manner in which the two girls were educated, this friendship had never ripened into a real affection.

"Well, well, Lucy," said Mr. Spencer, in a kinder tone, "my sister shall never suffer, though she didn't follow my desires altogether. *That* was hardly to be expected, I suppose. How is she getting?"

"Getting?" repeated Lucy, mournfully, "O, uncle, I thought you knew she was becoming weaker and weaker every day. She would like to see you, if—if"—

"If I will visit her humble dwelling, I suppose you mean," exclaimed Mr. Spencer, laughing.

Lucy could not divine why her uncle should laugh when told of his sister's declining health and desire to see him, and looked up inquiringly. The fact was, Mr. Spencer's conscience reproached him for the neglect with which he had treated his sister; for of late years, owing to their dissimilarity of tastes, the estrangement, which was slight in its beginning, had now become a habit. However he might assume this lightness of manner, which, as a general thing, was far beneath his *dignity*, he could not shut from his mind the conviction of his neglect, and he secretly resolved to bestow every care that could possibly relieve his sister's sufferings or add in the slightest degree to her comfort. As Lucy moved toward the door, he remarked, "You did right, child, to come to me—you did right—and I respect you for your plainness and simplicity in presenting your story;" and he shook her hand with an almost kind manner as he said "good-morning."

With a light heart and a bounding step, Lucy was skipping down the front steps, when she heard her cousin's voice in the hall. "And so you told Thomas not to acquaint Miss Clara that you were here? but Miss Clara happened to catch a glimpse of you, and here she is to run down the hill with you."

"I am glad to see you," replied Lucy, smiling, and waiting for her, "and glad to have you walk down the hill with me; but I had a little business with uncle, and thought I would not disturb the rest of the family. My call was early, but uncle was already risen."

"O dear, yes, pa is an early riser; and, what is worse, I have to be up, too. I *hate* early rising," added Clara, pettishly.

"O, how could you lie in bed these lovely mornings—the air is so exhilarating, and the birds are singing so charmingly! If I lived here, I should be perfectly happy."

"I dare say you would be, for you always seem happy, no matter where you are; but, for my part, I get tired of every thing. Life is a dull sort of a thing at any rate;" and Clara yawned as in confirmation of her opinion.

"Perhaps you do not take enough exercise," suggested Lucy.

"Exercise! yes, I roam about continually. I am *always* exercising."

"Perhaps you do not read enough."

"Yes, I read when I am not wandering in the woods. I read till I am disgusted with every thing; sick to death of novels, tired of history, wearied, too, with biography, and as to memoirs, I am quite out of patience with them. I don't believe a word in any of them. All the person's virtues are paraded before the reader; his character lauded unsparingly; but you never find a word about his *faults* and *infirmities*. I wonder how large a book *my* biographer would manage to spin out by a recital of *my* virtues and super-excellences of character."

By this time Clara had talked herself into a thoroughly bad humor. Lucy perceived her spirit, and, knowing she was not in a fit frame to receive the real cause of her discontent, which was plain enough to her own mind, made some good-humored reply, and endeavored to turn the subject. The breakfast bell soon recalled Clara to the house, and Lucy hastened home in time to quietly put her bonnet away before her mother awoke.

NOW.

"Now" is the only word ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watchword of the wise man. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. "Now" is the admonition of eternity. Let us keep this little word constantly in our mind. Whenever any thing is to be done, we should do it with our might, remembering that "now" is the only time for us. It is, indeed, a sorry and dangerous way to get through the world by putting off till to-morrow, saying, "*Then* I will do it." This will never do. "Now" only is ours. "Then" may never be. "*Now*," in the terse language of Scripture, "is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation."

WOMAN'S POWER.

"Nor steel nor fire itself hath power,
Like woman in her conquering hour.
Be thou but fair—mankind adore thee!
Smile—and a world is weak before thee!"

THE poet has disclosed the whole secret of woman's conquering power. Fair in her virtue, smiling in her goodness, she wields an influence which mailed warrior never could. Her strength is in her graces, her weapon is love; and her power is resistless when these are combined with modest merit, and dictated by conscious duty.

In influence woman is as much superior to man as affection is superior to intellect. Man represents the understanding of the universe, and woman the will; man the mind, woman the soul; man the reason, woman the heart. The powers of observation and reflection are cold, useless appendages to the human being, unless warmed into exercise and attracted to good objects by the feelings and sentiments of the affectionate mind. How little, in this world, do we think, judge, and know, in comparison with what we feel! Man may do mighty things in the intellectual advancement of the world; but

"What I most prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect!
The intellect is finite, but the affections
Are infinite, and can not be exhausted."

GOODNESS.

To be constantly in the presence of a good person—of one whose words and acts tend to purify and elevate—how pleasant and useful it is! We have no disposition to speak an impure word, to perform a wrong act, or even to think of evil. The presence of the good is a guardian angel to keep and preserve us from the sins and temptations by which we are surrounded. Suppose that being who moves about to bless, should be the companion of our bosoms—the one to whom we can make known our joys and sorrows—what a powerful influence for good it would have over our lives! We should rejoice daily in feeling how blessed goodness is, and be so elevated in all our thoughts, that it would become a difficult task for us to sin. Woman! can you not exercise such an influence over your erring husband? If he loves the company of the idle and partakes of the inebriating glass, can not you draw him by love and kindness away from sure destruction? Let the atmosphere around you be that of goodness and truth, and you will surely be ministering angels to save the lost.

THE ANGEL'S VISIT TO WILLIE.

BY M. F. WHITE.

"MOTHER, last night, when the stars were bright,
 And the moon was shedding her silver light,
 And the fleecy clouds, like a silver veil,
 Came now and then o'er her brow so pale,
 I thought that an angel, whose home is where
 There is neither sorrow, nor sin, nor care,
 Came stealing in with the soft moonlight
 To the couch where you laid me down at night,
 And he laid his hands on my clust'ring hair,
 As you lay yours when I say my prayers.
 'And, Willie,' he said, 'is your heart to-night
 Quite pure and true in your Maker's sight?
 Lurks there no spirit that seems to say,
 "I'll remember the wrongs I've borne to-day,
 And on the boy who has spoiled my play
 I'll have my revenge on some future day?"
 Know you not, Willie, our Father above
 Looks on you all with a feeling of love—
 That e'en to the evil and thankless in mind
 Our God is merciful, gracious, and kind?
 You must be like him, if you'd live above,
 And learn unkindness to conquer by love.
 And do you not, Willie, some wrong each day
 For which to ask pardon, at night, when you pray?
 As God then forgives, so, Willie, must you
 Forgive all unkindness and wrong done you;
 Then ever 'round you shall bright angels be,
 And the glory of God be unfolded to thee.'
 And now, dear mother, if Tim comes to-day,
 And plagues and teases when I want to play—
 If he loses my ball or spoils my kite,
 I'll try to be gentle with all my might.
 If I'm kind when he's cross and gives me a shove,
 Say, will not that be conquering with love?"
 The tears were bright on that mother's smile,
 As her lips pressed the brow of her little child,
 And she thank'd her God that the lesson giv'n
 Was fitting his heart for a home in heav'n.

SABBATH EVENING.

BY H. N. POWERS.

THE twilight of the evening lies
 On quiet homes and tender skies.
 The sacred silence seems to bring
 A blessing on its brooding wing,
 And all the hallowed Sabbath air
 Is like the calm of silent prayer.
 O precious calm! O healing rest!
 That broods so warmly on my breast:
 It seems that on my life doth lie
 The peace that soothes the upper sky—
 A large contentment, in whose grace
 Joy wells like light in liberal space—
 A tranquil trust, a hope whose eye
 Is full of immortality,

And love whose sweetness freshens through
 My being like celestial dew.

O, while I wait so near the skies,
 What Sabbath memories fill my eyes—
 The weary rested, new loves born,
 Friends talking of the heavenly morn,
 The good seed sown, the blended prayer,
 Peace in the heart and every-where,
 The Son's return, the eyes that weep
 Those precious tears which angels keep,
 The pardon sealed, sweet counsel given,
 And names we cherish writ in heaven!
 Thanks! Father, that thy Church once more
 On life's vain strife has shut the door,
 And to the feast of love doth win
 Her waiting, wandering children in.
 Thanks! for thy grace has been to-day
 More than we dared to hope or pray;
 Thy cloud of mercy hung above
 Has broken with the weight of love!
 We have no life, dear Christ, but thee,
 No way, no truth. O, may we see
 With larger vision, day by day,
 The beauty of the perfect way;
 Count all things loss, if we may win
 By thy cross triumph over sin!
 So shall these fleeting Sabbaths here
 Glide into heaven's eternal year.

MINNIE BROWN.

BY REV. L. H. VINCENT.

In a quiet little town,
 Nestling in a quiet vale,
 Lives my happy Minnie Brown,
 With her face serene and pale—
 Sweet Minnie Brown!
 Sweet Minnie!
 Pale-faced, happy Minnie Brown!
 Every day she trips along
 Across the pleasant village green,
 On her lips a silvery song—
 In her eye a silvery sheen.
 Sweet Minnie Brown!
 Sweet Minnie!
 None so sweet as Minnie Brown.
 Every one knows Minnie Brown,
 And to know her is to love;
 But a heart so kind and pure
 Soon must dwell in realms above.
 Sweet Minnie Brown!
 Sweet Minnie!
 Thou must leave us, Minnie Brown.
 Yes, sweet Minnie Brown must fade;
 Close her bright, love-beaming eye;
 In the grave her form be laid;
 Darling Minnie soon must die!
 Farewell, Minnie!
 Sweet Minnie!
 Darling Minnie, fare thee well!

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM JAY.

BY ERWIN HOUSE.

SECOND PAPER.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Jay was converted under Methodist preaching, and for several years thereafter attended Methodist meetings, he had his principal religious training among the Independents. Had it been a matter of choice, and not of mere circumstances with him, he most probably would have connected himself with the Presbyterian or the Methodist Church.

We have seen that among his first acquaintances, after he began to preach, were Rev. Rowland Hill, Rev. John Ryland, and Rev. John Newton. Mr. Hill was the son of a baronet, and received a first-class university education, and was possessed naturally of a quick and discriminating intellect. He seems, however, to have been but a poor student after leaving the university, never spending much time in his library room, and seldom ever reading a book through. His religious training was Calvinistic; but his Calvinism, we are told, never took a notion to run to seed. He was decidedly and of set purpose opposed to an abuse of Gospel grace, and fought vigorously against Antinomianism, and in favor of affording sinners of every class a chance for saving their souls. Every sermon preached by him touched upon the sole theme of the apostle's ministry, "Jesus Christ and him crucified;" and whatever was the topic discussed, he was always certain, before closing, to "exhale forth something of the savor of the Redeemer's knowledge."

He was peculiarly an odd man, a proof of which he furnishes in one of his dialogues on the kinds of preachers in the world; namely, the *tap-cask*; the *stop-dash*, and the *slap-dash*. "By the first he means preachers distinguished by tame and inert feebleness; without faults, but also destitute of all energy of thought or force of expression—as Shakespeare would say, fit to 'chronicle small beer.' By the second, he means preachers marked by strong things in doctrine, but loose, and hazardous, and extravagant in representation; aiming at great effect by the noise of manner and the conceits of folly. But by the third, the *slap-dashers*, he meant preachers whose addresses were attended by an artificial and often abrupt manner; with sudden and bold allusions and stirring anecdotes; and rough and homely familiarities of expression, and flashes of imagination and passion; preachers who, despising formality, and aiming at impressiveness, if not offending, sometimes alarming, taste, yet keep within the bounds of truth and general propriety. This third species,

as differing from the two former, was the kind of preaching which Mr. Hill intended to recommend, and to practice."

Mr. Hill always desired to be considered the apostle of the common people, and he practiced rigidly the philosophy contained in the common advice which Isocrates gave to his pupils—"study the masses;" or that which Cromwell gave to his soldiers—"fire low." In his style of preaching he was not vulgar, nor was he boisterous. Occasionally he roared, but not *equally* and *always*. He had an assistant who vexed his patience considerably, and he once touched him off in these words: "Friend J—, you yelp like a puppy as soon as you get into the field and before any game is up; but I am an older hound, and do not wish to cry till I have started running."

He seldom adhered to his text, for, once started, he cared but little what it was or how little he discussed it. Sometimes he indulged in wit to a degree not becoming the sacredness of the pulpit; but generally the man and his manner matched pretty well. Once while preaching he took occasion to speak of the value of the Gospel from its *relative* aim and influence. "It makes," said he, "husbands better husbands, and wives better wives; parents better parents, children better children; masters better masters, and servants better servants; in a word, I would not give a farthing for that man's religion whose cat and dog were not the better for it! Every one," says Mr. Jay, "could not have uttered this, but I received it from no less a person than Mr. Wilberforce, who heard it himself, and who remarked that, while probably every thing else he said that evening was long ago forgotten, no one would ever forget this."

"Reading in my pulpit the words of the woman at the well," continues Mr. Jay, "'the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans'—looking off, as if he saw the parties themselves—he exclaimed, 'But the devil has had dealings enough with both of you!'"

Among other anecdotes illustrative of his power of wit and repartee, Mr. Jay furnishes the following:

"A rather talkative woman one day said to him, 'I have been a good deal of late with some Papists, and they have sadly tempted me to change my religion.' 'Indeed, ma'am,' he replied, 'I was not aware till now you had any religion to change.'"

"I once heard him repeat the Lord's Prayer, and witnessed the great effect produced when he said, 'Forgive us our trespasses,' by making a considerable pause before he added, 'as we forgive

them that trespass against us;" as if he almost feared to utter it, lest he should condemn himself and others."

"I remember what an impression he made when preaching for me, by an interjective parenthesis; for when, in reading the chapter, 1 Thessalonians v, he repeated the verse, 'Abstain from all appearance of evil,' he lifted his eyes, and said in a very solemn voice, 'O, the infinite delicacy of the Gospel!'"

"His brother, Sir Richard, once told me of an early instance of his adroitness, remarking that he was the same from a lad. It occurred while he was at Eton College. Even then he was under deep impression of a religious nature; and as he felt the importance of divine things himself, he was concerned and active to do good to others; and thus he did with an old female servant that frequently waited upon him. She one day rather reproved him for his zeal, saying that persons should not be righteous overmuch, and should be careful to avoid extremes in religion. 'Some,' she said, 'were too cold, and some were too hot.' 'Then,' said young Rowland, 'I suppose you think that we had better be lukewarm?' 'Yes,' she said, 'that was the proper medium.' He then took up his Testament, and read the Savior's address to the Church of Laodicea—'I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth;' at which his tepid admonisher seemed a little surprised and aghast."

"I know that once at Wotton he was preaching in the afternoon—the only time when it seemed possible to be drowsy under him—he saw some sleeping, and paused, saying, 'I have heard that the miller can sleep while the mill is going, but if it stops it awakens him. I'll try this method;' and so sat down, and soon saw an aroused audience."

With his excellences he had his defects. His temper was irascible and resentful. He seemed to live to "treasure up wrath against an enemy;" but, then, we are compelled to remember that

"Defects through nature's best productions run—
Rowland had spots, and spots are in the sun."

The elocution of Whitefield was a thing different from that possessed by Mr. Hill. Whitefield's anecdotes were never like some of Hill's, forced in to fill out a blankness of thought; but they were always exactly adapted to the time and place.

On occasion of a great fair being held at Bristol, he went down there and was called on to preach in the British Tabernacle the evening be-

fore the fair begun. He took for his text the words in the first verse of the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." The Tabernacle was crowded, and he launched forth thus: "My dear hearers, I fear many of you have come to attend Bristol fair. So am I. You do not mean to show your goods till to-morrow; but I shall exhibit mine to-night. You are afraid purchasers will not come up to your prices; but I am afraid my buyers will not come down to mine; for mine [striking his hand on the Bible] are 'without money and without price.'"

Could any thing have been more appropriate than this, and could any thing else have struck the auditory as being more fit?

On the death of his wife Whitefield preached her funeral sermon from Romans viii, 28, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose." In a description of her character, he took occasion to descant on her fortitude, when suddenly stopping and turning he exclaimed, "Do you remember my preaching in those fields, by the old stump of the tree? The multitude was great, and many were disposed to be riotous. At first I addressed them firmly; but when a desperate gang of banditti drew near, with the most ferocious looks and horrid imprecations and menaces, my tongue began to fail. My wife was then standing behind me, as I stood on the table. I think I hear her now. She pulled my gown, [he then put his hand behind him, and touched his gown,] and, looking up, said, 'George, play the man for your God.' My confidence returned. I again spoke to the multitude with boldness and affection; they became still; and many were deeply affected."

Rev. John Newton, the friend of the poet Cowper, was also one of Mr. Jay's special friends, and a most eccentric yet pious man he was. We have room but for a few of the characteristic incidents of the man furnished by Mr. Jay:

"In the family worship, after reading a chapter, he would add a few remarks on some verse or sentence, very brief, but weighty and striking, and affording a sentiment for the day. Whoever was present, he always prayed himself; the prayer was never long, but remarkably suitable and simple."

"'Some people,' said he, 'believe much better than they reason. I once heard a good old woman arguing in favor of eternal election. 'Sir,' said she, 'I am sure if God had not chosen me

before I was born, he would never have chosen me after."

"At another time he mentioned facetiously, and with his peculiar smile, the language of a poor good woman when dying, 'I believe his word, and am persuaded, notwithstanding my unworthiness and guilt, that my Lord Jesus will save me from all my sins and sorrows, and bring me home to himself; and if he does, he will never hear the last of it!'"

"He one day told of a countryman who said to his minister, 'You often speak of our forefathers; now I know only of three—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Pray, sir, who is the *fourth*?'"

"He also more than once mentioned that he knew a good man and woman, who read the Scriptures morning and evening in their daily worship, to whom a gentleman gave a folio commentary to aid them. But after they had tried it for some time, the husband said to the wife, 'I think we did better before we had this great book. When we read the Bible itself only it was like a glass of pure wine; but now it is like a glass of wine in a pail of water.'"

"One morning a forward young man said, 'Pray, Mr. Newton, what do you think of the entrance of sin into our world?' 'Sir,' said he, 'I never think of it. I know there is such a thing as moral evil, and I know there is a remedy for it; and there my knowledge begins, and there it ends.'"

"I saw Mr. Newton near the closing scene. He was hardly able to talk; and all I find I had noted down upon leaving him is this: 'My memory is nearly gone; but I remember two things: That I am a great sinner, and that Christ is a great Savior.' And, 'Did you not, when I saw you at your house in Bath, desire me to pray for you? Well, then, now you must pray for me.'"

Another minister, a friend of Jay's, and remarkable for his eccentricity, was Rev. John Ryland, sen., a Baptist preacher of Northampton. Besides being a preacher, he was also a school-teacher.

"The first time I ever met Mr. Ryland," says Jay, "was at the house of a wholesale linen-draper in Cheapside. The owner, Mr. B——h, told him one day, as he called upon him, that I was in the parlor, and desired him to go in, and he would soon follow. At this moment I did not personally know him. He was singular in his appearance; his shoes were square-toed; his wig was five-storied behind; the sleeves of his coat were profusely large and open; and the flaps of his waistcoat encroaching upon his knees. I was struck and awed with his figure; but what

could I think when, walking toward me, he laid hold of me by the collar, and, shaking his fist in my face, he roared out, 'Young man, if you let the people of Surrey Chapel make you proud, I'll smite you to the ground!' But then, instantly dropping his voice, and taking me by the hand, he made me sit down by his side, and said, 'Sir, nothing can equal the folly of some hearers; they are like apes that hug their young ones to death.' He then mentioned two promising young ministers who had come to town had been injured and spoiled by popular caressings; adding other seasonable and useful remarks."

"Once a young minister was spending the evening with him, and when the family were called together for worship, he said, 'Mr. —, you must pray.' 'Sir,' said he, 'I can not.' He urged him again, but in vain. 'Then, sir,' said he, 'I declare, if you will not, I'll call in the watchman.' At this time a watchman on his round was going by, whom he knew to be a very pious man—I knew him, too—he opened the door, and said, 'Duke, Duke, come in; you are wanted here. Here,' said he, 'is a young pastor that can't pray; so you must pray for him.'"

"He took my place one Tuesday evening at Surrey Chapel, and preached a most striking sermon from Daniel's words to Belshazzar—'But the God in whose hands thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified.' After an introduction, giving some account of Belshazzar, he impatiently and abruptly broke off by saying, 'But you can not suppose that I am going to preach a whole sermon on such a rascal as this'—and then stated, that he should bring home the charge in the text against every individual in the place, in *four* grand instances."

From his peculiarly liberal views and his general candor in theological matters, Robert Hall became a favorite with Mr. Jay. Hall was disposed to believe, as our readers generally know, in free communion and free grace. He especially hated the doctrine that because a man was not a Baptist he had no right to come to the Lord's table. Some of his rebukes cut to the quick, and nothing, in fact, delighted him more than to wilt down those self-admiring preachers, who were strongly disposed to flourish and caper in the mazes of metaphysical hair-splitting, or else eager to soar in the realms of ether and cloud-land. One day he happened to be in company with a lady who wished his opinion in reference to one of these pompous nothing spouters; whereupon he gave it: "Ma'am, I always thought the gentleman predestinated to be a fool, and he has now made his calling and election sure."

Our limits forbid any reference to the numerous other cotemporary preachers with whom for many years Mr. Jay had fellowship. We pass to notice briefly some of Mr. Jay's own peculiarities as a minister.

He was a practical preacher. He had the good of his people, and not his own glory, constantly in view. Written discourses he avoided from principle; for he thought them too much like opiates to his congregation. "Nothing could satisfy him in his preaching but bringing forth the whole story of Matthew Henry's three R's, Ruin, Redemption, and Regeneration—Jesus Christ and him crucified, to meet the condition of poor sinners—to try to save souls. He was especially observant of devotion when he had public services in prospect. He always took a *prayerful* review of his subject, and often was a tearful, wrestling season of communion with God in private the prelude to the holiest and happiest seasons in public. His practice uniformly was to go from the closet to the pulpit. Nothing was allowed to intervene. In this, doubtless, may be found one of the elements of his efficiency and success. He came as from the Divine presence with a message from God to men."

He was a plain preacher. Sometimes he selected a text which seemed obscure, but he always managed, by simplicity of language, to render it clear to the understanding of all listening. He never took flights starward, where the understanding could not track him; nor yet did he plunge into a wood, where his hearers lost sight of him, and could not afterward find him; but he kept himself and his subject in sight all the time, and "the hungry sheep" who came to hear "looked up and were fed," so that when they went home they had something to think about, and something to stir them up to diligence and Christian duty.

He was an earnest and a pathetic preacher. Like one of Bunyan's pilgrims, wherever he saw the print of the Lord's shoe there he wished to put his foot. "I want to be an earnest preacher," said he once; "I try to be such, but I do not succeed as I desire." "Our old divines and the Methodist preachers, when they just sprung up, had something to *rend* or *melt*, to *strike* and *stick*—to lead their hearers to think of again and again when alone, and to talk of again and again when in company. But what is the recommendation of many of the moderns? O, they glitter—they do—but, as Foster says, with *frost*."

Naturally he possessed a good voice, and he knew well how to manage it. His intonations possessed remarkable power, and oftentimes, when

he discovered that his people were in a prepared state of mind, he has melted them into tears by a single word. Every one who describes his manner mentions the emphasis he threw into his reading. The simplicity of language in which a granddaughter of his own describes that perfection of a good reader conveys a clearer idea of it than could be given in an elaborate description. "Walked down at seven to hear dear grandpapa. He preached a most glorious sermon upon 'the manifestation of the sons of God.' I doubt if you can possibly imagine our feelings when the venerable silver head appeared in the pulpit, and then bent in silent prayer. The expression with which he reads is wonderful: his words distill as the dew; so softly, and yet so *effectually* do they fall. His manner of emphasizing some passages gives you an entirely new view of them."

He was an uncontroversial preacher. He seldom took polemics into the sacred desk, and scarcely ever would spend time with skeptics in arguing out abstract and metaphysical points. There was one Dr. Cogan, a Unitarian in his predilections, with whom Mr. Jay had considerable intercourse. The Doctor often visited Mr. Jay's Chapel, and heard him preach, and sought opportunities for discussion.

"Not being inclined or qualified for controversy," remarks Mr. Jay, "I never entered into dispute with him, but I sometimes dropped a few words from experience or observation, to which he listened, and which seemed to strike him, especially when I spoke of persons who had recently died in confidence, peace, and comfort, commending and recommending those truths which they said were all their salvation and all their desire. And when I mentioned what I had lately met with, namely, a female, young and beautiful, agreeably espoused, with two lovely babes, with every thing that could render life desirable, dying of a consumption—which destroys so many of our roses and lilies—and when reduced by the lingering disease almost to a shadow, she asked an attendant to hand her the looking-glass—after glancing at which she returned it, saying with a smile,

'Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my moments roll!
A mortal paleness in my cheek,
But glory in my soul!'

and soon expired—he could not avoid weeping.

"When also I sometimes mentioned instances—and, blessed be God, I could mention such instances under my own feeble preaching—of persons converted from a sinful course to a life of

morality and holiness; and where the change has not been produced by practice, but the practice has been the effect of the change; and sin has not only been left but loathed; and duty has not only been performed but delighted in; his pause and manner have seemed to say, 'Why, we hear and see nothing of this!'

He was eminently a Scriptural preacher. He was much in his closet, and oftentimes in the day upon his knees with God's word outspread before him. His discourses were redolent with the fragrance of flowers culled from the garden of inspiration. He made numerous quotations of Scripture in his sermons, and they were frequently so exquisitely appropriate and beautiful that they seemed made to order for the occasion. Sacred poetry was an auxiliary employed by him with great effect and frequency. "He often surprised his audience," says his biographer, "by the ingenuity he displayed in the appropriation of texts to particular occasions. As specimens of this take the following examples: On the death of George the Fourth—'Another King, one Jesus.' On the reopening of his chapel after a temporary closing—'A door was opened in heaven.' After an enlargement of the chapel—'Be ye also enlarged.' For a communion address—'One of you is a devil.' Who but he would have thought of such a passage as this for the text of a funeral sermon for a great man: 'Howl, fir-tree; for the cedar is fallen?' From this passage he preached first, after the death of Mr. Hall; and then again at the death of Mr. Rowland Hill. How poetic, how striking, how appropriate to express the Church's lament over the grave of one of her illustrious pastors!"

He was well able to reason and be logical, but he seldom preached a sermon without one or more anecdotes or incidents for illustrations. Sometimes these anecdotes had a semblance of oddity about them; but they were never of a character to disgust or offend. On one occasion when he wished to impress on his people the truth of the declaration, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," he told the following tale of two parrots: "Two friendly neighbors bought each a parrot. That of Mrs. A. was a bird of grave deportment, and had been taught to speak a good many *godly* words. That of Mrs. B. was an impious fellow, for his language abounded in *bad* words. Now Mrs. B. felt quite shocked at the irreverent talk of her parrot, and prevailed on her friend to allow the grave parrot to pay a visit to the swearer, in hope of reclaiming the rogue by good example. Well, the two birds staid together for about a month, and a great

reformation was expected in the swearing parrot, from listening to his more decent neighbor; but imagine the consternation of good Mrs. A. on the return of her more grave and decorous bird, to hear him swearing like a trooper! The fact is, that instead of teaching he had been learning; and from that sad day his language was as bad as that of his scapegrace associate: thus, 'evil communications corrupt good manners.'" One may imagine the effect of such a parable on a large congregation. But although the parrots would haunt their memory, we may be sure that the inimitably artless art of the preacher wound up with a lesson that lay deeper, and would doubtless spring up again to memory amid the confusion of worldly intercourse.

The last words, except the benediction, ever delivered by him in Argyle Chapel—his own church—were these, uttered Sunday, July 25, 1852, from the Apocalypse: "'Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'" He made no comment; and how could he? But he pronounced these final words: "If this be heaven, O that I were there!"

He died at home, Bath, Eng., December 27, 1853, aged eighty-four years. We regret that we can not furnish the particulars of his final illness in detail. The following, from the pen of one of his near friends, will show that his death, like his life, was the Christian's:

"One day, while suffering under great bodily distress, he said, 'I fear God has forsaken me. Let me not be impatient; let me repose in his love. I fear I am impatient.' Mrs. Jay replied, 'Think of the feelings of your precious Savior: like you, he said, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" He has promised never to forsake you. His grace is sufficient for you.' He then replied, 'I mourn, I do not murmur. "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good." I desire to lie passive, and know no will but his. "In patience possess ye your souls." Lay no more upon me than thou wilt enable me to bear; and I will glorify thee in my sore affliction.

'Dear Lord! though bitter is the cup
Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
I cheerfully would drink it up:
That can not hurt that comes from thee.'

"The language of the publican," he said, "did, does, and ever will, befit me; and even down to death must be my cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'"

"I do not murmur—allow me to groan. It seems to ease my pain. Objects most dear and attractive now fail to interest. O for a grateful heart! I have made some little stir in life, but now I am nothing. God seems to be saying, 'I can do without you.' An official character is not to be judged of by his ministerial work. He is compelled often to administer comfort to others when he is perhaps not enjoying it himself. You see the sail, but not the ballast."

"On Christmas day his sufferings were very severe, and he said to Dr. Bowie, 'O Doctor, what a Christmas day! but I can say, 'Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift;' and then he quoted 1 Peter i, 3, 4, 5, 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again into a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time!' He was particularly partial to the hymn, 'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!' often repeated it, and especially the last verse—

'When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.'

"On the morning of Tuesday, December 27th, the day of his death, he said, 'O, none of you know what it is to die.' From this time he spoke little, but sank gradually into the arms of death, becoming so still and calm that the precise period of his departure could not be perceived. Though he uttered but few words on the bed of death, yet there was the silent testimony of a settled peace; while his long life and entire labors had afforded a faithful and consistent witness for God and truth."

His remains were deposited, January 2, 1854, in the cemetery of Snow Hill, belonging to Argyle Chapel, and there will they rest till the morning shall dawn of the resurrection day.

"*PEDARATUS*, when he missed of a place among the chosen three hundred, rejoiced that there *were* three hundred in Sparta better than himself."

THE SERMON OF WINTER.

IF one did not know the contrary, one would be apt to fancy that death is the very last subject there is any need of preaching about to mankind—the very last subject there is any need for a minister of Christ to talk of. So many sermons about death are preached to us every day of our lives, so many finger-posts pointed toward death meet us at every turn, one might verily fancy, if one did not know the contrary, that it would be a waste of time to preach about death from the pulpit.

But we never hear any of those daily sermons about death, many of you perchance will tell me. We go forth in the morning, and come home in the evening, and never see any of those finger-posts pointed toward death. Long as we have lived, we have never fallen in with one such. What, my friends, can you walk to and fro from year's end to year's end, and see no mark of death on the earth, and hear no sound of death in the air? What is winter, the skirts of which are still lying around us? Is it not the death of the year? Has not death been spreading out its cold hand over the trees of the forest, stripped them of their bloom and their beauty, and turning them into great staring skeletons, that lift up their bare bones in the face of day to admonish us that we, too, before long, shall be even as they are—that our bloom will in like manner have faded away, that our leaf will have fallen off, and that nothing will be left of these bodies, which we so fondle, and pamper, and trick out, and are so vain of, but a parcel of naked bones? Every tree you see shorn of its leaves, may preach you the sermon of death—may stand before you as a great finger-post pointing to death—may warn you that the hour is at hand when you, too, will be shorn of your glory. Ay, the leafless wood, how awful its sermon! Not only may you look upon it as a host of skeletons: it may also cry to you to bethink yourselves, that even as those trees stand naked from head to foot before the eye of heaven, so will your souls ere long stand utterly bare and naked before the eye of God. Every cloak and mask you may have clad them in will be torn off. Every fading leaf and perishing flower—whatever is bred by the sun of this world, or put forth to win the eyes of this world—all the dress and drapery of our minds and hearts—our cleverness, our skill, our learning, our knowledge, our prudence, our industry, our gayety, our good fellowship—all those qualities of fair-seeming which have no higher aim than to look

well in the sight of our neighbors—will be swept away; and nothing will remain but the skeletons of our souls, shivering in the sight of men and of angels, in the day of that last and terrible winter, when the glory of this world will have waned, and death will have spread out his hand over all the generations of mankind. Nothing will remain but the naked trunk and leafless branches of our souls—except those seeds of Christian faith and love, which may have lain secretly wrapped up in the bosom of the flowers. The leaf dies; for the leaf has no life in it. The flower dies; for the flower has no life in it. But the seed, if it be the seed of Christian faith and love, has life in it, and can not die. When it falls to the ground, Christ sends his angels to gather it up, and bids them lay it by in the storehouse of heaven. By the world, indeed, it is unseen. The world perceives no difference between the flower that has seed in it, and the flower that has no seed. To the outward eye they look the same; for the outward eye sees only what is outward. But Christ knows his own: he beholds the seed within the heart of the flower, and he will not suffer it to die or to be lost. In the last day he will bring it forth, and will crown the branches again with the undying flowers of heaven.—*Rev. Julius Charles Hare.*

THE SLANDERER.

THE slanderer is a pest, a disgrace, an incubus to society, that should be subjected to a slow cauterization, and then be lopped off like a disagreeable excrescence. Like the viper, he leaves a shining trail in his wake. Like a tarantula, he weaves a *thread* of candor with a *web* of wiles, or with all the kind mendacity of hints, whispers forth his tale, that, "like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows." The dead—ay, even the dead—over whose pale-sheeted forms sleeps the dark sleep no venomous tongue can wake, and whose pale lips have then no voice to plead, are subjected to the scandalous attack of the slanderer—

"Who wears a mask that Gorgon would disown,
A cheek of parchment, and an eye of stone."

I think it is Pollok who says the slanderer is the foulest whelp of sin, whose tongue was set on fire in hell, and whose legs were faint with haste to propagate the lie his soul had framed.

"He has a lip of lies, a face formed to conceal,
That, without feeling, mocks at those who feel."

There is no animal I despise more than these

moths and scraws of society, the malicious censurers—

"These ravenous fishes, who follow only in the wake
Of great ships, because, perchance, they're great."

O, who would disarrange all society with their false lap-wing cries! The slanderer makes few direct charges and assertions. His long, envious fingers point to no certain locality. He has an inimitable shrug of the shoulders, can give peculiar glances,

"Or convey a libel by a frown,
Or wink a reputation down."

He seems to glory in the misery he entails. The innocent wear the foulest impress of his smutty palm, and a soul pure as "Arctic snow twice dotted by the northern blast," through his warped and discolored glasses wears a mottled hue.

"A whisper broke the air—
A soft, light tone, and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe!
Nor might only perish there,
Nor farther go!
Ah, me! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound;
Another voice then breathed it clear,
And so it wandered round,
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart,
And that—it broke!"

Vile wretch! ruiner of fair innocence by foul slanders, in thine own dark, raven-plumed soul distilled—

"Blush—if of honest blood a drop remains
To steal its way along thy veins!
Blush—if the bronze long hardened on thy cheek,
Has left one spot where that poor drop can speak!"

HOW PRAYER IS ANSWERED.

ONE of the pupils in a school in Germany came to his master one day in great trouble, because, as he said, God would not answer his prayer. "And what did you pray for?" "I prayed to God that he would give me a humble heart." "And why do you think that he has not heard you?" The child said, with tears, "Since I prayed for this the other boys have been cross and unkind to me. They tease me and mock me at every turn, so that I can hardly bear it." "My dear boy, you prayed that God would give you a humble heart, and why then should you be vexed, if the other boys are the means of humbling you? Here you see that God does really answer you. It is in this way he sees fit to send you a humble mind." The poor child had not thought of that.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

ON TYPICAL AND ALLEGORICAL EXPLANATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.—It might be expected that, when God had determined to send his Son into the world, there would be a train and concatenation of circumstances preparatory to his coming—that the history, which declared that he was to come, should exhibit many persons and things, which would form a grand preparation for the event, though not so many of them as an absurd fancy might imagine.

There is a certain class of persons who wish to rid themselves of the types. Sikes insists that even the brazen serpent is called in by our Lord by way of illustration only, and not as a designed type. Robinson, of Cambridge, when he began to verge toward Socinianism, began to ridicule the types, and to find matter of sport in the pomegranates and the bells of the high priest's garment. At all events, the subject should not be treated with levity and irreverence: it deserves serious reflection.

With respect to the expediency of employing the types much in the pulpit, that is another question. I seldom employ them. I am jealous for truth and its sanctions. The Old dispensation was a typical dispensation; but the New is a dispensation unrolled. When speaking of the typical dispensation, we must admire a master like St. Paul. But to us modesty becomes a duty in treating such subjects in our ministry. Remember, "*This is none other but the house of God! and this is the gate of heaven!*" How dreadful if I lead thousands with nonsense—if I lose the opportunity of impressing solid truths—if I waste their precious time!

A minister should say to himself: "I would labor to cut off occasions of objecting to the truth. I would labor to grapple with men's consciences. I would show them that there is no strange twist in our view of religion. I must avoid, as much as possible, having my judgment called in question: many watch for this, and will avail themselves of any advantage. Some who hear me are thus continually seeking excuses for not listening to the warnings and invitations of the word; they are endeavoring to get out of our reach; but I would hold them fast by such passages as, '*What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*'"

Many men labor to make the Bible THEIR Bible. This is one way of getting its yoke off their necks. The MEANING, however, of the Bible is the Bible. If I preach then on imputed righteousness, for instance, why should I preach from, "the skies pour down righteousness," and then anathematize men for not believing the doctrine, when it is not declared in the passage, and there are hundreds of places so expressly to the point?

Most of the folly on this subject of allegorical interpretation has arisen from a want of holy awe on the mind. An evil fashion may lead some men into it; and, so far, the case is somewhat extenuated. We should ever remember, however, that it is a very different thing to allegorize the New dispensation from allegorizing

the Old: the New is a dispensation of substance and realities.

When a careless young man, I remember to have felt alarms in my conscience from some preachers; while others, from this method of treating their subjects, let me off easily. I heard the man as a weak allegorizer: I despised him as a foolish preacher: till I met with some plain, simple, solid man, who seized and urged the obvious meaning. I shall, therefore, carry to my grave a deep conviction of the danger of entering far into typical and allegorical interpretations.

Accommodation of Scripture, if sober, will give variety. The apostles do this so far as to show that it may have its use and advantage. It should, however, never be taken as a ground-work, but employed only in the way of allusion. I may use the passage, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," by way of allusion to Christ; but I can not employ it as the ground-work of a discourse on him.—*Cecil*.

AN EXPOSITION OF ISAIAH XVIII, 4; OR, GOD CONSIDERING WHAT HE WILL DO FOR HIS PEOPLE.—"*I will consider in my dwelling-place like a clear heat upon herbs, and like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest.*"

Preachers should be very sparing of their animadversions on the translation of the Scriptures in common use; not only because they tend to shake confidence and awaken suspicions in their hearers, but because they are generally needless. It is not illiteracy that commends the present version; the ablest scholars are the most satisfied with it upon the whole. Yet, while the original is divine, the rendering is human; and, therefore, we need not wonder if an occasional alteration is necessary. This is peculiarly the case where the sense is very obscure or even imperceptible without it.

If the words as they now stand in the text remain, his "dwelling-place" is heaven, and the meaning is, that he would *there* consider how to succor and bless his people, for he *careth* for them: but a word must be supplied to show the import—"I will consider in my dwelling-place" how I can prove "like a clear heat upon herbs, and like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest." But the margin, and Lowth, and every modern expositor, make his "dwelling-place" not the *place* of his consideration, but the *object*: and read, "*I will regard my dwelling-place like a clear heat upon herbs, and like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest.*" Now what his dwelling-place was we can easily determine. It was Zion—"whose dwelling is in Zion." "This is my rest forever here, will I dwell, for I have desired it." And Watts has well added—

"The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His Church is with his presence blest."

And his concern for the welfare of the one is far surpassed by his regard for the other. And how is this regard exercised? Here are two images.

First, "like a clear heat upon herbs." The margin again says, "Like a clear heat *after rain*;" and I wish, says the excellent translator of Isaiah, who has adopted it, that there was better evidence in support of it. The reason is, that he probably feared, as others in reading it may fear, that "a clear heat upon herbs" would be rather unfavorable, and cause them to droop, if not to die. And this would be the case in some instances; but not in all; and it is enough for a metaphor to have one just and strong resemblance. Read the dying words of David: "And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain." Now after rain "the clear shining," or "clear heat upon herbs," would produce immediately fresh vigor and shootings. Even in our own climate the effect upon the grass and plants is soon visible; but in the East the influence is much more sudden and surprising, and the beholders can almost see the herbage thrive and flourish. Thus the Lord can quicken his people in his ways, and strengthen in them the things that remain and are ready to die. And when after the softening comes the sunshine, they grow in grace and in the knowledge of their Lord and Savior. Their faith groweth exceedingly, and the charity of every one of them toward each other aboundeth. They bear much fruit. Thus we read of "increasing with all the increase of God." This figure, therefore, expresses growth and fertility.

But the second holds forth refreshment, seasonable refreshment, "like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest." How cooling, useful, welcome, delightful such an appearance is, ask the laborer in the field, in the Eastern field, bearing the burden and heat of the day. God, as the God of all comfort, realizes the truth and force of this image in the experience of his tried followers—First, in their spiritual exercises and depressions arising from the assaults of temptation, a sense of their unworthiness and imperfections, and fears concerning their safety and perseverance. And, secondly, in their outward afflictions. These may be many; and if our strength is small, we shall faint in the day of adversity. But when we cry, he answers us, and strengthens us with strength in our souls. He gives us a little reviving in our bondage; and in the multitude of our thoughts within us his comforts delight our souls. He is able and engaged to comfort us in all our tribulation. By the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ; by his word; by his ordinances; by the preaching of a minister; by the conversation of a friend; by a letter, a book, a particular occurrence of providence, a time of refreshing may come from the presence of the Lord—and a cloud of dew be furnished in the heat of harvest.

Such is the God of love to his people. His consolations are not small; his grace is abundant; his care unceasing. Well may his children trust in him, knowing that he will send "the clear shining" of the sun after the rain, and also the "cloud of dew in the heat of harvest."

THE TEST AND THE EVIDENCE OF THE REALITY OF FAITH.—Does a man seek a proof of his acceptance? The reference is to facts in his own moral condition. He is to look for it in a change which is taking place in his character; a new direction of his desires; a new regulation of his affections; an habitual impression, to which he was a stranger before, of the presence and the perfections of the Deity; and a new light which has

burst upon his view respecting his relations to this life and that which is to come. He is to seek this evidence in a mind which aims at no lower standard than that which will bear the constant inspection of infinite purity; he is to seek it, and to manifest it to others, in a spirit which takes no lower pattern than that model of perfection—the character of the Messiah. These acquirements, indeed, are looked upon, not as a ground of acceptance, but a test of moral condition; not as in any degree usurping the place of the great principle of faith, but as its fruits and evidences. As these, then, are the only proofs of the reality of this principle, so they are the only basis on which a man can rest any sound conviction of his moral aspect in the sight of the Deity; and that system is founded on delusion and falsehood which, in this respect, holds out any other ground of confidence than the purification of the heart and a corresponding harmony of the whole character. Such attainment, indeed, is not made at once, nor is it ever made in a full and perfect manner in the present state of being; but, where the great principle has been fixed within, there is a persevering effort, and a uniform contest and a continual aspiration after conformity to the great model of perfection. Each step that a man gains in this progress serves to extend his view of the high pattern to which his eye is steadily directed; and as his knowledge of it is thus enlarged, he is led by comparison to feel more and more deeply his own deficiency. It thus produces amazing humility, and an increasing sense of his own imperfection, and causes him continually to feel that, in this warfare, he requires a power which is not in man. But he knows also that this is provided as an essential part of the great system on which his hope is established. Amid much weakness, therefore, and many infirmities, his moral improvement goes forward. Faint and feeble at first as the earliest dawn of the morning, it becomes brighter and steadier as it proceeds in its course, and, "as the shining light, shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—*Abercrombie*.

The above article contains some powerfully condensed and strikingly expressive thoughts, to which every Christian would do well to give heed. As a sufficient antidote to any theological heresy that may be found lurking in it, we simply append the following, from a good authority: "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God."

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.—"He drieth the stream that we may seek the full fountain."

How beautiful are the manifestations of Divine providence in the Christian life! Every step along his pilgrim way gives fresh token of the wisdom, goodness, and forbearing mercy of his blessed Master. The dark places in his pilgrimage, which, in their first passage, seemed like so many valleys of Bochim to his soul, have been the very steps which led to the "green pastures," where, with enlarged faith, he may repose by the "still waters" of God's unfailing love.

The lesson may be believed when the young disciple first enters the Church, and with new-born tenderness of soul receives its teachings as the holy truth of God. But its real, significant bearing upon the daily life must come home to the heart in the hour of its great need. Ah, then, indeed, it is all of grace that the light enters; for the laying down of self, calmly to repose on the bosom of infinite Love, is the life-long lesson, scarce learned, even when the distant hills of *home* break upon the closing eye.

To one in feebleness the winter may set in with doubt and dread, and long-waiting at home be the allotted portion. The prayer meeting, the dear Sabbath school, and the precious sermons assume a new importance. How shall life's trials be borne without their refreshing ministry? Amid the cold winds and frequent storms, how shall the Christian brother or sister bring the glad news of Zion's prosperity, how, amid the loneliness of the little circle still narrowing to closer bounds, shall the interests of Christ's Church be kept bright and warm in the soul's depths? But, O ye of little faith, the streams are dried in mercy. Deprived of the ordinances of his house he brings us to his word, and richer, clearer meaning lights up its page; we feel an individual interest in the portion, and daily bread is there for daily need. Prayer is a necessity; it covers broader fields than we have realized; the sparrow's lesson is no longer an illustration of holy writ, but a life-giving assurance that Christ brings present salvation to view. The Missionary Journal, hastily read, because outward calls are imperative, opens with unwonted delight, and we feel identified with the self-denying ones that have borne the burden and heat of the day. Not theirs only is the duty to watch and wait; we must see to it that no shadow darkens their way which we may prevent. Do we not count our temporary privations as dust in the balance, compared with their life-consecration to the service of God? Ay, do we not trace with them the drying stream that impels to the fountain?

Among the pleasant incidents of her Christian experience, which a dear mother used to relate, was a little anecdote of Chloe Spear, a colored woman, who for many years was a devoted member of good old Dr. Baldwin's Church, in Boston. It always interested us by its characteristic language and pathos, but now it seems forcibly to illustrate the truth under consideration.

Chloe had been sick some time, and none of her dear Christian friends that she prized so much visited her—but to use her own words—"she think it strange, they talk so kind to her, they so much in her mind, and why they not come? Ah, she think she make *idol* of them; she set them up above the neighbor and the colored friend. Then by and by the Lord show her how he enough in himself for her little soul, and she feel strong in him, and put the friend all away, and the Lord give her joy. When she staid on him, she think of the kind neighbor that come in, and do many thing to comfort her poor old body, and she tell them how she hope the Lord give them good hope in his mercy to pay them for their kindness to aunt Chloe. Now she have a text come to her mind, and she never know what that mean till the Lord bring her in a strait place: 'Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations.'"

About Chloe's application of this text, I think she meant to imply that the instrumentality of the *world* was sometimes actually connected with our progress in piety, or, rather, was made subservient to it; she always said, "receive you into their houses"—but I was afraid to change the text to her repeating.

"She think, perhaps, she not feel enough for kind neighbor before, and she pray more for their poor soul, and there alone on her sick bed the Lord come near, and he make her fill with joy, and when she get there, the friend come pouring in, and they say, 'O sister Chloe, we so sorry we did not know you sick; we miss you a great while; we think you gone away.' Then she tell them

she have feel bad, but now she know better how to love; them she love Church, she hope she meet all in her dear Master's house. And by and by, brother Baldwin come, and he say, 'Chloe, why you no send your minister to come and see you when you sick? he never hear she sick, he gone away, and he think Chloe gone to the country a little while;' and he so sorry, he afraid she feel hurt.' Then she tell him just how the Lord lead her. He good, his friend good, the kind lady good, but the Lord better; and she keep the lesson by her, and the Lord make her strong to go many more ways she never knew before."—*Watchman and Reflector*.

LOVE TO CHRIST AND LOVE OF CHRIST.—When Krishna Pal, the first convert to Christ in Bengal, was on his death-bed, all who visited him were impressed with the deep peace that reigned there. The stillness of the sick chamber, broken only by the low utterance of prayer, or the feeble voice of the dying man, as he spoke of his hopes and prospects, and of the Savior to whom he owed them all, seemed to breathe nothing but tranquillity. He was asked if he loved Jesus Christ. "Where can a sinner go," he replied, "but unto Christ?" Soon after the same question was repeated. "Yes," said he, "but he loves me more than I love him."

Is it any wonder that Krishna was ready to die? He had served the Savior twenty-two years. He had braved the hatred of his countrymen when he was baptized in the name of Jesus, and had been an earnest preacher of the Gospel. He had won others to Christ. But he did not hope for heaven on account of these things. It was not because he loved Christ, but because Christ loved him.

"O thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget him not."

are the words of the beautiful hymn which he wrote, and which thousands of Christians in this and other lands have united with him in singing. But while he desired always to remember his divine Friend, he rejected most of all in the certainty that Jesus would never forget him. Krishna has now been more than thirty years in the glorious presence of the Savior he loved, the Savior who so loved him. Who does not wish to follow him there? Who does not desire to lead other heathen souls into the same eternal joy?—*Macedonian*.

WALKING WITH GOD.—To be in the habit of asking the will of God ere we act; to be in the practice of comparing the end we propose to ourselves with the sure and certain standard set down in his holy word; to make the glory of his great name, and not our own profit and pleasure, the rule of our own schemes; to try and find the path of duty, instead of the way that is good in our own eyes; to ask faithfully what is right, rather than what is pleasant; to test things by their influence on others, as well as on ourselves—this is to acknowledge God—this is to commit our way to the Lord.

RAIMENT OF NEEDLEWORK.—The following is a quaint comment on the text, "She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework," Psalm xiv, 14: "The work of sanctification carried on in the believer's heart is a slow and costly one, and can not be completed without many a severe prick in the process."

*It was her habit to go to the adjoining towns for a few days, if she heard of revivals or special gatherings of the Church.

Editorial Sketch and Review.

THE WORLD A WORKSHOP.*

THE physical relationship of man to the earth is a question second in importance only to that of his spiritual relationship. This is the question discussed in the little volume to which we have made reference, and discussed, too, with not a little originality, enthusiasm, and eloquence. The author evidently entered upon his work *con amore*; with unflagging zeal he pursued it to the end, and has truly given to the world "a testimony of respect to the dignity and omnipotence of enlightened labor."

The author's great point is, "that this mundane habitation was designed and literally fitted up for the cultivation and application of chemical and mechanical science as the basis of human development." He argues that "material natures require something to *do* as well as to reflect on; this is indispensable to their being—the purpose of it. *Employment* is, therefore, an element of existence." Is it objected to such a theory that physical industry and ingenuity are of too low and too ephemeral a nature to enter into the grand and enduring plans of the Author of the universe, but that the cultivation of *mind* must be the object of calling the universe into existence? The author admits this to be the *end*, but suggests "as matter is the agent on which God has printed his thoughts, may it not be the book from which all minds are to read and to learn? We know that *he* has made the elevation of human nature to depend on the study and application of principles impressed upon matter, and, therefore, it is consistent with his purposes and with his greatness to educate intelligences by it. We know not that any are or can be trained up without it; and as, wherever intelligences are, they are surrounded by it, and by displays of Divine wisdom shining forth in it, is it not reasonable to infer that it is a universal medium of mental and moral tuition? for which purpose, instead of being collected into one inhabitable body, it has been gathered into an infinite number, every one different, and a theater of different phenomena."

The theory, of which we have here developed an imperfect outline, involves a few striking and grand consequences, which, however, the author does not hesitate to accept. The first of these is, that physical and mental labor entered into the *original* design of man's creation, and are not, therefore, mere incidents of his lapsed condition. If by the term *labor*, the author simply intends *activity*, directed to mental and physical ends, we think the view is accordant with the teachings both of nature and revelation. When created in innocence and purity, man was placed in the garden, not merely to be regaled by its beauty, to enjoy its fruit, and to wear away time in idle pleasures, but "to dress it, and to keep it." Dr. Adam Clarke beautifully remarks upon this passage, that "even in a state of innocence we can not conceive it possible that man could have been happy if *inactive*. God gave him work to do, and his employment contributed to his happiness; for the structure of his body as well as of his mind plainly proves that he was never intended for a

merely contemplative life." What then? Did no physical evil result from "the fall?" So some, overleaping a logical chasm, whose breadth can be spanned by no such legitimate sequence, are ready to conclude. The true solution of the question undoubtedly is, that while sin weakened and perverted our physical as well as intellectual and moral powers, and this made it *labor* to cultivate the earth—the earth itself was also cursed and rendered more difficult of cultivation. We may, therefore, safely conclude, that while *toil* and *labor*—that is, the painful and exhausting drudgery now required of us—is an infliction because of sin, physical activity, for useful and beneficent purposes, and especially for our own development and happiness, was one of the original designs of our creation. We think, therefore, with the author, that there must be something wrong in the dislike to material labor which possesses the minds of so many. We have almost suspected that the grandest conception formed of heaven, in some minds, is a place where unbounded license will be given to laziness. "If 'pride brought on the fall,' its effects are awfully felt in the low esteem in which the elaboration of matter is held, and in the presumption that it is derogatory to spiritual exaltation. Thus, the original law, 'replenish the earth and subdue it,' is regarded by most persons as a coarse, unpleasant, and unintellectual task, because its full meaning, and its bearings on our present and future destiny, are not perceived."

Another sequence of this theory, presumptive rather than demonstrative, relates to other worlds. They are supposed to have the same physical construction as ours; that is, the condition of matter in them is essentially the same as in ours, and also the physical condition of their inhabitants. Our author says: "To those who deny them to be centers of reasoning and active populations it is useless to reply till they can show for what other purposes they are made, and how this little earth, a mere atom among them, became so strange an exception. If we had had no knowledge of the existence of other orbs it would have been unphilosophical to insist there were none beside our own; but now that we know they crowd every region of space, it would be positive folly to contend that all are barren of life and intelligence, of sciences and arts, except the one given to us. It is preposterous to suppose the divine Builder erects tenements for the purpose of keeping them empty. If they are not occupied, it is because they are not prepared to be so. It may be assumed that as soon as an orb is fitted for the reception of tenants, they are put in possession of it." These premises being admitted, and having also seen that activity is an element of existence, we are brought to infer the *industrial activities of the denizens of the universe*, involving infinities of modes and processes, and multiplied infinities of applications and results. "Let those," says Mr. Ewbank, "who do not sympathize with the idea that occupants of worlds around us act on matter as we do in this one—which, it should be remembered, is an integral member and sample of them—look abroad, and see how the same general laws to which it is subject govern others; how some in its vicinity resemble it in volume, density, duration of days and nights, etc.; how the red soil, the green seas, and northern snows and ice of

*The World a Workshop; or, the Physical Relationship of Man to the Earth. By Thomas Ewbank. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855.

Mars approximate to it in these particulars; how larger, more distant, and more resplendent ones, belonging to the same group, are illuminated every night, each with several moons; and how in aerolites we have metals and metallic alloys belonging to celestial regions—and then ask themselves if there is any thing unreasonable or unlikely, or if it is not in the highest degree probable and presumable, that people there add to their enjoyments and multiply their conveniences, by employing the materials and agencies placed at their disposal—in other words, that occupations akin to some of ours are followed in other spheres."

Another result of this theory, is the recognition of unity of design pervading and manifesting itself in *diversity of parts*. Happily for us, the universe is not a medley of mingled purposes and disconnected things. "The unity of design manifested in it is the theme of every philosopher, and not less observable and admirable is the fine chain of *relationship* that binds all the diverse forms and conditions of matter in one coherent whole. There are no violent transitions from series to series, but by almost imperceptible degrees differences open into species, species into genera, and genera into wider classes. And as with the *contents* of worlds, so with worlds themselves; for they are merely larger divisions, and not the largest, since they merge into groups or systems, and systems, in all probability, into still more and more comprehensive departments. There are no abrupt chasms in their outlines, dimensions, illumination, or movements, and by the strongest of analogies there can be none in their internal administrations. No truth is more patent than the unity of creation. There is nothing *sui generis* in it; nothing that stands solitary or alone; nothing that is not connected with and dependent on something else—not a boulder, a planet, or a sun—not an animal or the habits of one—not an order of intelligence or an occupation of intelligence." This broad view, when thoroughly analyzed—when all its parts are thoroughly studied, only renders the conclusion still more invincible, that material natures every-where, throughout all the vast universe of God, are designed to be active—to labor. To repudiate labor, then, is to repudiate one of the designs of our creation.

Viewed in one light our earth is a mere caravansery—a temporary convenience for passing travelers, and, therefore, worthy of only a passing notice. Taken in another light, it is a theater of momentous action and of grand results, which are to be realized only by the connection of active and intelligent beings with it. Man, then, is necessary to the earth, and the earth is necessary to man. It is the manufactory; he is the manufacturer. And by working up the material before him, he not only demonstrates the unlimited capabilities of the world, but he develops also the wonderful capabilities that lie hidden in his own nature; he develops himself. The design of our mundane system is to be inferred from the materials with which we find it stored, and the attributes or adaptations of those materials. If they are indispensable to man, and yet comparatively useless till manipulated by him, then have we an indication of the original design of its Author that it should be a theater of activity on the part of man. How, then, do we find our earth? Stocked, it is true, with mineral substances of almost endless variety and number—susceptible of almost inconceivably beautiful, various, and useful applications—but alloyed, unshapen, and unwrought. Or if we look at vegetable and animal substances, elaboration is equally indispensable.

It is a sublime idea that man is designed to search out the hidden uses, the latent susceptibilities of the materials with which our earth is stored, as well as to be a practical operator in their subjugation to useful purposes. "The hypothesis," says our author, "that the chief employment of man was to till the soil and raise cattle, is an unworthy one, since it puts us much on a par with the lower tribes, in making the procuring and consuming of food the principal object of our being. If we were made to live like cattle—merely to eat and sleep—it would be true, and the earth might then be considered a mere victualing institution. But, with us, and all intelligences, food is, like the traveler's staff, an adjunct of life—a mere aid in accomplishing the purposes of existence." We must have food, it is true, but we have higher functions also. One of these is the development of the forces, processes, and principles of inorganic matter, and their subjugation to the uses of humanity.

Our author, like all enthusiasts, pushes his theory to an offensive, if not ridiculous extreme. Take an example. After admitting that nearly all matter is inorganic; that the whole bulk of the earth is so, except its skin-like surface, he proceeds to inquire why it is so. "What does this mean? Why all this immature matter, unless it be for man to work up? How otherwise are its quantity and condition to be accounted for?" When we read this passage, we could not help meditating upon the sorrowful plight we poor denizens of the earth would find ourselves placed in were all its inorganic substances worked up into mechanical or chemical implements. To us it appears evident that the design of our great Creator had reference less to the *amount* of inorganic matter to be "worked up" than to the development of our powers and of its uses.

In our earth we find three great storehouses of matter for the elaboration of man. These are minerals, vegetable products, and animal products.

Of minerals, it is remarkable what discrimination is made by the great Constructor of the globe, so that they may be offered to man in such forms and under such conditions as to be manageable by him. In this respect there is a remarkable discrimination noticed by Mr. Ewbank. "Those that are easily dug into are homogenous, and extend over large areas, as fields of clay, coal, sand, and marl. So also with such as can be quarried, as rocks; they are in immense and continuous masses, from which blocks of any required dimensions may be taken—monolithic temples have been dislodged." Without reflection one would think it would be desirable to have the metals provided in the same way—that is, in large masses and in their pure metallic state, so that we could have the material ready for our use, instead of the ore, which must be smelted and prepared. Suppose we had the metals in this state—laid up in solid mountain piles like granite, or in thick and solid strata—what use could we have made of them? Our author says none at all. "It would have been beyond human power to have extracted a supply from them. Had a mammoth boulder of the finest malleable iron been placed, at the birth of man, in the center of every township for the use of its inhabitants, all would have remained undiminished to this day. Like blocks of copper recently found in ancient diggings on Lake Superior, from which Indians had endeavored to cut portions with flint tools, they would have remained monuments of tantalism." Hence it is that they seldom occur except as minerals that yield to the pick, while iron, the chief of them, is found only in ores.

Iron, so abundant and so indispensable, is perhaps one of the most difficult metals to reduce to a malleable state. How pregnant with meaning the fact that ore and coal for smelting it are generally found stored together in the bowels of the earth! Is there no design in such an arrangement of Deity?

Another curious provision for the supply of man's want, and for his education as the grand elaborator in nature's workshop, is seen in the provision to supply him with cutting-tools. These are tools indispensable to a manufacturer in the metals. Let us see how our author states and solves the problem here presented: "If the substance be intended to cut all others, how is it to be cut? How formed into tools without the aid of still harder tools? Let it be remembered that before these queries were practically answered, the idea of giving to natural bodies qualities they did not already possess had not entered into the minds of men. Had mines of steel and adamant been provided specially for tools, the same difficulty would have occurred; for tools of still harder materials would have been necessary to shape and harden them." Here was a singular exigence to be provided for. The harder metal necessary for tools would have been useless, because man would have been unable to cut and shape it into tools. Had nature provided it in the shape of tools, that would have contravened one of the highest of its own purposes; namely, the education of man. How simple and beautiful the contrivance to meet this exigence! Iron is made capable of *being hardened*; and thus implements are made of it by which it may be cut, sawed, and shaped to suit the convenience of man. The discovery of the process by which iron could be converted into steel opened up a new continent of knowledge in the arts, and subjected it to the dominion of man.

Fire was essential to the mechanical operations of this great workshop, as well as to the comfort of man. Without it neither earthen nor metallic wares could be manufactured. He might mold the clay into the forms desired; but without fire it would remain clay forever. Without fire, the ore would remain in its native state, and the harder minerals remain unshapen and unemployed. To man as a cosmopolite it is indispensable, and his mastery over it has not a little to do with his pre-eminence over the other inhabitants of the earth. But how was fire first obtained? Did God kindle it and favor man with the blaze? or did he simply adjust the materials, and leave man to discover and apply them? Reasoning from that which is every-where observed in the economy of nature, we should unhesitatingly infer the latter. Also, according to an old tradition, the first hint received by the primeval races upon the production of fire was the ignition of trees by the friction of their trunks or branches rubbing against each other during a high wind. Our author dissents from this suggestion, and regards the primeval mode of its production as "an instinctive suggestion." "The process," says he, "was by friction, and the only instruments employed two small pieces of wood. By twirling the point of a dry stick in a rude indentation made in another, or by rubbing it to and fro in a groove, sparks were evolved and flame obtained; an apparatus so simple that Indian boys and girls have been observed to prepare it by breaking suitable pieces from a branch and gnawing the pointed one into shape. Such, from the beginning, has served the wild man for a tinder-box; and thus wherever fuel was he had the means of kindling it." How striking is Ho-

mer's description of Mercury kindling a fire to roast the cattle he had stolen:

"He snatch'd a branch and stripp'd the bark,
Rubbed piece 'gainst piece, till spark by spark
Was kindled, and the flame upflew."

"This description," says Mr. Ewbank, "is literally that of a Camanche or Apache after a buffalo hunt, or a foray into New Mexico."

Some will, perhaps, object to this theory of the origin of fire, that had man been left to make the discovery, he might have suffered immensely, and many of the human race might have perished for want of fire before the discovery was made. Undoubtedly these results might have followed; but they furnish no argument against fact. Were the reader cast away upon an uninhabited island, without the knowledge of this primeval device, he might perish, as many have perished, for want of this information. Just so with the various diseases for which nature has provided ample remedies. Our ignorance of those provisions prevents our cure.

In the matter of fire there are striking adaptations which, small as they seem, our author says, "have a bearing upon the general economy of the world. The conditions necessary to the evolution of a spark by friction, and to nourish it into flame, are such, we all perceive, as serve to prevent any serious results from natural abrasions. Had the necessary amount or intensity of friction been double what it is, man had made little use of fire to the present day. We do not see how, in the first ages, he could have procured it at all, nor yet in subsequent days, unless an advance in the arts supplied him with better means. Yet how the arts could exist, much less advance, without fire, it would be hard to tell. At all events, sparks could not have been drawn out of wood by individual exertion without mechanism, and what mechanism did the pure savage possess, or could he, without fire, possess?" On the other hand, had the amount of friction necessary to produce flame been less, nature would have become an incendiary herself, and flames would have been kindled every-where where there was wood to burn.

Without noticing the progressive steps by which the second great device for obtaining fire was reached—namely, the flint and steel, or tinder-box—we glance at the agency of fire in promoting the civilization of the race. "Once introduced into the hut, fire came under the management of females, and wrought a revolution in previous habits. Food was no longer consumed without cooking; roots, as well as flesh, were roasted; subsequently victuals were boiled, and the phenomena of ebullition, hot water, and steam observed. Culinary utensils were devised; rude seats, tables, and beds made their appearance. Natural vessels were superseded by artificial ones; earthenware caldrons succeeded those formed of skins, of the calabash, and joints of bamboo. Spinning, weaving, and knitting stepped in; and the comforts of a permanent habitation put an end to the miseries of roving the forests without dwellings or dress. Before these things were accomplished, man could have had but faint views of his destiny, none of the glory that awaited his posterity. It may be truly said, that the phoenix of the arts arose from the ashes of the domestic hearth, and that from it the first rays of science shot forth."

Our limits forbid any further discussion at present of the interesting topics embraced in Mr. Ewbank's volume. In our next, however, we hope to resume the subject.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

MIDDLETON & Co.'s LITHOGRAPHING ESTABLISHMENT.—

This establishment has grown up to be not only the largest of the kind in the west, but one of the largest in the United States. A few hours spent in the various departments will be profitably employed by any lover of the fine arts. It is exceedingly wonderful to what perfection the ingenuity and skill of man have carried the delicate processes of art. We have rarely ever been more interested than in a visit to the lithographing department of Messrs. Middleton & Co. Some idea of its extent may be gathered from the fact that it occupies the third, fourth, and fifth stories of the large buildings of Livingston's Express Company. Their lithographic printing is done on the third story. Eleven presses are here employed, with capacity for printing the largest maps as well as the smallest and finest prints. The great marvel of producing *colored prints* from engravings on stone is here exhibited in its highest perfection. In the fourth story we find the "Artist's Rooms." From seven to ten skillful engravers are constantly employed here. A new and beautiful map of the city of Lafayette, La., has just been completed; also a landscape view of the city of Springfield, O., with some of its elegant villas and private residences. They have also a view of Cincinnati, taken from one of the hills on the Kentucky side of the river. The accuracy and minuteness of detail, not only in the outline, but also in the more prominent buildings, spires, and other points of interest, is really surprising. In the fifth story of this hive of industry we find the rooms for map-mounting and plate printing, in which department they keep some dozen presses.

The above is but a meager description of only one department. Their rooms for copper and steel-plate engravings are also worthy of a visit. But our space will not allow us to take our readers there for the present. Should they take a notion to go "on their own hook," they will find them in the Odd Fellow's Building, corner of Third and Walnut streets.

The great lithographic work executed by this house is the series of large colored plates showing the "anatomy of the brain." Some of the most eminent medical men in the country have spoken in the highest terms of this series, giving them the credit of great faithfulness in delineation. They are said to be fully equal to the steel-plate engravings by the Lazars, of London—one eminent as a physician, the other as an engraver. They have also a large number of well-executed portraits both on steel and on stone. This enterprising house, we are gratified to learn, received from the State Board of Agriculture the medal for the best specimens of lithography, and the diploma for the best specimens of maps.

Enterprise of this kind and in this direction the west should encourage by a substantial patronage. We, however, speak of the matter not by way of advertisement, but as an interest of art, science, and, we will add, religion—for the proper cultivation of the arts has much to do with the moral and religious feelings, as well as with taste and refinement.

A MAGNIFICENT BOOKSTORE.—The enterprising publishers and booksellers, Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co.,

have recently opened one of the most magnificent bookstores to be found in the country at No. 25 West Fourth-street, Cincinnati. If any one doubts whether the book-trade flourishes in the west, let them walk through this bibliographical temple. The building is five stories high in front and seven in the rear. It is built of a fine, light-colored sand-stone and beautifully ornamented. In a central niche at the second story stands a statue designed to represent Cincinnati. Within the building is light, airy, and as complete in construction as skill and money could make it. The main store-room is thirty-four feet front by two hundred deep, having a wing of thirty-four feet extending to an alley. In making the tour of the establishment, we found the basement divided into two rooms, each one hundred feet deep. One is devoted to the jobbing department; the other to the accommodation of a number of Adams book presses, in active operation. The second floor is a fine sale-room, attractively set off with tasteful shelving, neat counters, columns, desks, etc., and is by far the most elegant room in the Queen City. The upper stories are devoted to printing, binding, and other purposes connected with their extensive publishing business. The rooms are all heated by steam, gas is introduced into every part of the building, and nothing left wanting to detract from its fitness and convenience. The hoisting machinery has been judiciously placed in the wing, thereby not detracting from the fine view, and besides enabling them to receive and discharge goods in the alley, without blockading the main entrance to Fourth. Success to our enterprising friends!

PAPER-MAKING.—The consumption of paper is enormous in the United States. There are no less than 750 paper-mills, manufacturing about 270,000,000 pounds of paper per annum, valued at \$27,000,000; and yet this will scarcely supply the enormous demand for the article. One effect of this large increase in the manufacture of paper has been to advance the price of *rags*. But a few years since they were thrown out as so much worthless rubbish. Now *rags* constitute no inconsiderable item in the small commercial transactions of the country. Let us see: it takes one and a half pounds of rags to make one pound of paper. The manufacture of 270,000,000 pounds of paper, then, consumes 405,000,000 pounds of rags, which, at the rate of four cents per pound, amounts to \$16,200,000—the annual commerce in *old rags*.

The paper manufacturers have become alarmed at the fact that the source from which they derived the material necessary for the manufacture of paper, and which they had regarded as unending, has been comparatively exhausted—to such an extent, at least, as to render them no longer able to keep pace with the demand. The proprietors of the London Times, foreseeing the effect of this state of things upon their large establishment by increasing the cost of paper to them, offered a reward of \$25,000 for the discovery of a cheap and perfect substitute for rags as a material for the manufacture of paper. Many experiments have already been tried; and though, as yet, without entire success, we may still reasonably hope, in view of what has already been accomplished, that ultimately the desired result will be attained. What

man has done in the past inspires the belief that his genius is capable of further and greater achievements; that, indeed, whatever his physical and intellectual wants may crave as essential to the grand progressive movement in favor of the true interests of his race, will in time be procured and brought within the achievement of science and art.

INCREASE IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—From the Annual Minutes of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the year 1854, we find the progress of the Church in membership during the year past to be as follows:

CONFERENCE.	Members.	Preachers.	Total.	Increase.	Decrease.
California.....	1,438	61	1,509	211	
Baltimore.....	65,964	8,489	74,453	1,352	
Oregon.....	1,182	336	1,518	627	
Philadelphia.....	49,119	6,977	56,096	2,283	
Providence.....	13,439	1,801	15,241	627	
New Jersey.....	32,957	5,552	38,509	1,130	
New England.....	13,886	2,197	16,013	1,495	
New Hampshire.....	9,352	1,772	11,124	358	
New York.....	24,305	4,254	28,559	187	
Troy.....	23,432	3,641	27,073	778	
New York East.....	21,411	2,634	24,045	399	
Maine.....	9,692	1,576	11,268	75	
Black River.....	17,125	3,072	20,197	579	
Vermont.....	6,593	1,181	7,771	308	
Western Virginia.....	15,614	2,738	18,352	3	
East Maine.....	8,127	1,939	10,066	214	
Pittsburg.....	34,649	4,393	39,041	246	
Wyoming.....	11,273	2,619	13,892	638	
Eric.....	21,314	2,890	24,204	241	
Oncida.....	17,006	2,725	19,731	443	
East Genesee.....	16,252	2,542	18,794	63	
Wisconsin.....	10,190	2,154	12,344	919	
Genesee.....	9,732	1,423	11,155	363	
Ohio.....	27,745	2,666	30,411	376	
Indiana.....	19,653	2,734	22,387	1,431	
Michigan.....	16,911	2,234	19,145	1,133	
North Ohio.....	26,504	3,109	29,613	450	
N. W. Indiana.....	13,052	1,976	15,028	817	
Southern Illinois.....	13,706	3,754	17,460	1,243	
Rock River.....	20,850	3,382	24,232	5,373	
North Indiana.....	17,436	3,415	20,851	1,536	
Iowa.....	16,470	3,183	19,653	3,248	
Cincinnati.....	29,595	2,771	32,366	41	
S. E. Indiana.....	18,215	2,290	20,415	295	
Illinois.....	19,106	3,447	22,553	1,882	
Kentucky.....	2,706	627	3,333	853	
Missouri.....	4,400	1,037	5,437	638	
Arkansas.....	1,629	412	2,041	264	
Liberia.....	1,295	163	1,458	119	
Total.....	679,282	104,076	783,358	32,315	1,583

These statistics, it will be seen, show a net increase of 30,732 members during the year. The number of traveling preachers in the several conferences is 5,483, of which 5,814 are effective, the remainder being either superannuated or supernumerary. There were 42 deaths among the traveling preachers during the year. The number of local preachers is 6,149. The total amount of missionary contributions reported from the conferences is \$229,049. The largest amount is from the Baltimore conference, which raised \$29,234. The German missions of the Church are also prosperous, and report 12,143 members, which is an increase of 1,363 during the past year. The contributions of the Germans for religious purposes likewise show a handsome increase.

MISSIONARY APPROPRIATIONS.—The missionary appropriation of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the year 1855 is \$200,000—the same as last year. The Church South are aided largely in their operations among the Indians by Government money, and the sum total of the missionary money expended by them, including the Government appropriations, is \$160,000. Of this sum \$14,000, or nearly one-tenth, is spent on the California missions, and \$10,000 on the work in China.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.—The Church South publish six weekly newspapers, as follows: The Nashville Christian Advocate, at Nashville, Tenn., J. B. M'Ferrin, D. D., editor; the Richmond Advocate, Richmond, Va., L. M. Lee, D. D., editor; the St. Louis Advocate, St. Louis, Mo., D. R. M'Anally, editor; the Memphis Advocate, Memphis, Tenn., J. E. Cobb, editor; the New Orleans Advocate, New Orleans, La., H. N. M'Yreire, editor; and the Texas Advocate, Galveston, Texas, C. C. Gillespie, editor. The Sunday School Visitor is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn., by Stevenson & Owen, Book Agents, and is edited by L. D. Huston. The Home Circle, late Southern Lady's Companion, is also published by the Book Agents monthly, and is edited by Mr. Huston. The Quarterly Review is published likewise, we believe, at Nashville, and is edited by D. S. Doggett, D. D. Rev. T. O. Summers, D. D., is general Book Editor.

UNITARIANS IN THE UNITED STATES.—"The Unitarian Congregational Register, for the year 1855," has just been issued by the American Unitarian Association of Boston. It appears that there are five hundred and thirty-one ministers in the order, not including Rev. Dr. Lowell and Rev. Messrs. Theodore Parker, Samuel Johnson, Sargent, Higginson, etc. Of this number of preachers, sixty-seven are at present without a settled ministry.

There are 254 organized Unitarian societies in the country, including 2 in Canada—at Montre 1 and Toronto. There are 15 in Maine, 14 in New Hampshire, 3 in Vermont, 164 in Massachusetts, 4 in Rhode Island, 5 in Connecticut, 13 in New York, 2 in New Jersey, 3 in Pennsylvania, 4 in Ohio, 2 in Michigan, 9 in Illinois, 2 in Missouri, 2 in Georgia, and 1 each in the states of Maryland, Virginia, Indiana, Kentucky, South Carolina, District of Columbia, Wisconsin, Iowa, Alabama, Louisiana, and California, and 2 in the Canadas.

There are ten "ministerial associations;" two theological schools—one at Cambridge, Mass., and one at Meadville, Penn. The Unitarians hold "Autumnal Conventions" in each year in various parts of the country, which have been numerous attended; and also anniversary meetings in May, in Boston.

OLD SCHOOL PRESBYTERIANISM.—The Presbyterian states that Old School Presbyterianism is no where taking root more rapidly at the west than in the northern and middle portions of Illinois; that the Schuyler Presbytery alone, at its last meeting, appointed committees to organize six new Churches within its bounds; and that great interest is felt in bringing up the Churches as fast as possible to the self sustaining point.

DR. HAWES'S CHURCH.—Dr. Hawes's Church, Hartford, Conn., is a remarkable one. It has, says an exchange, never dismissed a pastor, though an ancient Church, and never settled one who had a previous settlement. All its pastors have died with the Church. This is a notable history.

ROMISH SUPPORT OF MISSIONS.—The society at Lyons for the propagation of the faith, under the presidency of the Cardinal Archbishop de Bonald and patronage of the Pope, reports the receipt of nearly \$500,000 the past year for the extension of Romanism; of this amount more than \$200,000 are devoted to the support of missionaries in America! By this, Jesuits, priests, and other agents of the Roman See are enabled to operate with energy for the removal of the thick darkness shading our Protestant minds!

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

HISTORY OF THE GREAT SECESSION FROM THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH in the Year 1845, eventuating in the Organization of the New Church, entitled the "Methodist Episcopal Church, South." By Rev. Charles Elliott, D. D. Cincinnati: McCormick & Poe.—This great work is at length before the public. It comprises a large octavo volume of six hundred and four double pages. By a vote of the General conference of 1848 Dr. Elliott was requested to write that portion of the history of the Church which related to the separation of the conferences in the slaveholding states from the jurisdiction of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and their organization into a distinct ecclesiastical connection under the style of the "Methodist Episcopal Church, South." In entering upon his work, the Doctor found himself everywhere confronted with slavery. This led to a preliminary work—"Sinfulness of American Slavery"—which was published in two volumes, in 1850. The present work comprises the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church for four years, or from 1844 to 1848, with such collateral topics as are necessary to the proper elucidation of that history. The index is complete, and covers nineteen pages, giving an excellent outline of the whole work. The general subjects of the sixty chapters are as follows: Wesleyan Methodism and Slavery; Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church on Slavery; Abolition of the Slave-Trade; West India Emancipation; the American Abolition Movement; Abolition Movements in 1834; Events from January to July, 1835; do. from July to December, 1835; Events of 1836; General Conference of 1836; Events of 1837; Events of 1838; Occurrences of 1839; Occurrences of 1840; General Conference of 1840; Events of 1841; Occurrences of 1842; Events of 1843; Events from January to May, 1844; Harding's Case; Case of Bishop Andrew; Review of Bishop Andrew's Case; Determined Separation on the part of the South—the Plan; the Protest and its Reply; Events succeeding the General Conference of 1844; do., continued; Action of the Northern Conferences; Action of the Southern Conferences; Conclusion of 1844; Bishop Soule; Position of Parties; Events preceding the Convention; the Convention; Review of the Convention; Bishops Soule and Andrew vs. the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Action of the Conferences in 1845 and 1846; Events from May, 1845, to May, 1846; the Petersburg General Conference; Review of do.; Secession of Bishop Soule Proved; Southern Bishops; Infractions of the Plan; Property Question; Church Property; Relation to Church Principles; Events previous to May, 1848; General Conference of 1848; do., continued; Events of 1848; Events of 1849; Southern General Conference of 1850; the Slavery Question in 1850; Events of 1850; the New York Suit; do., continued; Review of Judge Nelson's Decision; Outlines of the Cincinnati Law Case; the Chartered Fund; the Appeal Case; Conclusion. Then follows an Appendix, comprising some one hundred and fifty pages of important documents bearing upon the case. The work will be found clear in statement and faithful in narration. It is obviously the result of much painstaking and great labor. The Doctor seems to have fairly

exhausted the subject, and to have embodied here all that will ever be needed to a correct understanding of one of the greatest events in modern times—the disruption of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. We should be glad to say more, but our space forbids it. Let the work go abroad.

PAST MERIDIAN. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. 239 pages.—We are indebted to the author for a copy of this work. The following outline of the chapters will give some indication of its contents: The A. M.'s and the P. M.'s; Old; Reporters; the Custody of Knowledge; the Beauty of Age; Air; Domestic Anniversaries; Patriotic Recollections; Accomplishments; Privileges of Age; Literary Longevity; Westering Sunbeams; About Money; the Amenities; the Pleasures of Winter; and A New Existence. Let the person on whose head gray hairs begin to predominate make this book his companion, and it will shed sunlight upon the whole period of his *past meridian*. Something of the beauty of its style and the interesting and instructive nature of its discourse may be gathered from a selection found in the preceding pages of this number. We have given one specimen; let us add another, which will explain itself:

"'The baby shall not be named after me,' said a young parent of his first-born, 'for it will be *old John* and *young John*, while I am yet in my prime.' 'I wish my son had not taken it into his head to marry so early,' said a lady in a remarkably fine state of preservation; 'for now, I suppose, it must be *old Madam* and *young Madam*.' The unmarried, whose recollections can bisect a century, are prone to be annoyed at the disposition to pry into dates, and are sure that no well-bred person would be guilty of such absurd curiosity.

"Yet to cover the tracks of time, and put family records out of the way, are of little avail. There will be here and there a memory stubbornly tenacious of chronological matters, and whoever labors to conceal his proper date will usually find some Argus to watch over and reveal it."

For sale by the booksellers generally.

PICTORIAL GATHERINGS is a charming volume for the young, recently issued by Carlton & Phillips, of New York. In it we have sketches and stories relating to the condition and customs of mankind, Christian missions, the habits of animals, and a variety of other matters—all accompanied with appropriate illustrations.

THE CHILD'S SABBATH DAY BOOK, and LITTLE FRANK HARLEY, are also illustrated books issued by the Sunday School Union, 200 Mulberry-street, New York.

GREATNESS IN LITTLE THINGS; or, *Wayside Violets*, is the title of a work "copy-righted" by D. Anderson, and published by Dayton & Wentworth, New York, and by H. M. Rolison, Cincinnati. Some one—we don't just now remember who—says that as he advanced in years he found his respect for those who have not succeeded in life increasing. That is, he found greatness in character where success had not emblazoned it forth and made it known to the world. The object of this pleasant and quite readable volume is to show that true greatness

does not consist only in shining deeds of prowess, or in carrying out the schemes of a lofty ambition; but that it may be exhibited just as truly when performing, with modesty, firmness, and self-denial, that round of daily duties—those “little things” which may alike be found in the path of all. Such a work can not but exert a healthy influence.

FANNY GRAY: a *History in a Series of Six Beautiful Figures, from New and Exquisite Designs, Printed in Oil-Colors, in the Highest Style of the Art. Accompanied by a Poetical Description.* Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.—We have never seen more beautiful specimens of colored printing than these figures, and we take pleasure in recommending them to parents as a most instructive entertainment for their children.

EVENINGS WITH MY CHILDREN.—This is a fine work for children, got up in quarto form, printed in large type, on fine paper, and illustrated with appropriate engravings. The subjects of the “conversations” are some of the most interesting stories related by the evangelists, principally the parables and miracles of Christ. It is really a magnificent book for children, calculated both to please and profit. Cost with colored plates, \$1.75; with plates not colored, \$1.25. Carter & Brothers, New York; and Moore, Wiltach & Co., No. 25 West Fourth-street, Cincinnati.

PRECIOUS LESSONS FROM THE LIPS OF JESUS, is an elegant miniature volume, admirably adapted as “a Gift to my Christian Friend.” It does not need a better guarantee of its sterling interest and value than that it is from the pen of Rev. Daniel Wise. For sale at the Western Book Concern, as well as bookstores generally.

THE CHART OF LIFE: indicating the *Dangers and Securities connected with a Voyage to Immortality.* By Rev. James Porter, A. M. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co., and also J. P. Mayes.—The author of this book is well known as the author of several books which he has heretofore given to the public. This work comprises eleven chapters, on the following general topics: Influence of Correct Principles: Danger from Skepticism; Our Susceptibilities and the Moral Forces of the Gospel; Necessary Precautions; Social Hindrances; the Great Concern; Social Relations; Influence Neutralized; Christian Activity Directed; the Duty of Benevolence; and Obligations of the Few. The number of books now published with special reference to young men, and the fact that they all, if they possess any value, meet with a ready sale, is a sign of the times full of cheering promise for the future. The points presented in this work are very clearly discussed, and illustrated by pertinent and striking anecdotes. It is just such a work as will do good in the hands of a young man. For sale by Swormstedt & Poe, at the Western Methodist Book Concern.

THE GREAT JOURNEY is an allegorical pilgrimage through the valley of tears to Mount Zion, the city of the living God. It is well calculated to catch the attention of children both on account of its illustrations and allegorical character. Published for the Sunday School Department by Carlton & Phillips, 200 Mulberry-street, New York.

Two books have recently been added to Mr. Abbott's popular Franconia stories; namely, *AGNES* and *CAROLINE*. They are not a whit behind their predecessors, and complete a series which both little and great children have admired over the whole country.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, for November, republished by Leonard Scott & Co., 79 Fulton-street, New York, has as its list of contents for November, the Wonders of the Shore, a geological paper; Popular Education in Scotland; Milman's History of Latin Christianity; the Insolvable Problem, treating of the question, Can God be known by Man? or, the Philosophy of the Infinite; Kaye's Life of Lord Metcalfe; Sir H. Holland on Mental Physiology; Electro-Biology; Annotated Edition of English Poets; William Cooper; and Progress and Prospects of the War. We regret that our limits preclude our analyzing or transferring portions of any of the articles to our columns. Any one of the four foreign Reviews will be supplied to subscribers by L. Scott & Co. at three dollars a year, or any one of the four Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine at \$5 a year, or all of the Reviews and Blackwood for \$10. Address the publishers, 79 Fulton-street, New York.

THE AMERICAN PHONETIC JOURNAL, by R. P. Prosser, presents a beautiful specimen of typography. Had we type “to fit,” we should be half inclined to give a few sentences to illustrate the proposed phonetic reform.

MINUTES OF THE NORTH INDIANA ANNUAL CONFERENCE.—Besides the ordinary conference statistics, we have here a detailed report of the missionary contributions. The largest individual donation noticed was \$10, and that only in a single instance. Number of members, 17,415; probationers, 3,416; local preachers, 191; churches, 253—valued at \$178,575; parsonages, 43—valued at \$245.85, (is it not \$24,585?) number of deaths, 245; collected for missions, \$3,181.95; do. for Tract Society, \$368.88; do. for American Bible Society, \$178.93; do. for Sunday School Union, \$85.86; number of Sunday schools, 341; number of scholars, 16,917.

MINUTES OF THE NORTH-WESTERN INDIANA ANNUAL CONFERENCE, Third Session.—The number of members is 12,750; probationers, 1,980; local preachers, 117; number of meeting-houses, 197—valued at \$164,900; number of parsonages, 44—valued at \$22,225; number of deaths, 44; collected for missions, \$4,157.86; do. for Sunday School Union, \$48.39; do. for American Bible Society, \$92; do. for Tract Society, \$173.86; number of Sunday schools, 192; number of scholars, 9,749.

CATALOGUE OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, for 1854, has been received. The present number of students is—seniors, 27; juniors, 20; sophomores, 39; freshmen, 37; total, 123. At the time of this writing, a vigorous effort is being made to secure an endowment of \$100,000 for the University. This would place it at once on a firm and independent foundation. We trust it will succeed. From this catalogue we learn that since its commencement, in 1833, the degree of A. B. has been conferred on 499; A. M. on 354; D. D. on 33; LL. D. on 7. We trust that a long and prosperous career is before this, the mother of our colleges.

CATALOGUE OF GENESEE COLLEGE.—We are indebted to our old friend, Dr. Cummings, for a catalogue of this flourishing institution. In the College department there are—seniors, 4; juniors, 8; sophomores, 16; freshmen, 31. In the Seminary department the number of gentlemen is 416; ladies, 414. Grand total, 889. The institution is righting up nobly from the effects of the late gale that swept over it.

Notes and Queries.

THE IMPORTANCE OF MAKING A NOTE.—We don't speak of making a note in music, but of noting down whatever valuable, beautiful, or interesting thought, fact, illustration, or anecdote occurs to us in our reading, or in conversation. Of the saying, "*When found make a note of*," a writer once said, no less truthfully than quaintly, it is a rule which should shine in gilt letters on the gingerbread of youth and the spectacle-case of age. Every one regrets and suffers who neglects it. There is some trouble in it, to be sure; but in what good thing is there not? Reading and writing men who act upon this rule for any considerable length of time will accumulate a good deal of matter in various forms, shapes, and sizes—some more, some less legible and intelligible—some unposted in old pocket-books—some on whole or half sheets, or mere scraps of paper and backs of letters—some lost sight of and forgotten, stuffing out old portfolios, or getting smoky edges in bundles tied up with faded tape or antiquated twine. No doubt there are countless boxes, and drawers, and pigeon-holes of such things which want looking into, and would well repay the trouble. Nay, we are sure the proprietors would find themselves much benefited by now and then looking over their own collections. How many important facts, how many striking and beautiful thoughts, how many quaint or apposite illustrations—that have occurred to us—have escaped away because we made not "note" of them as an invitation to stay with us? We say to all our literary friends, "**WHEN FOUND MAKE A NOTE OF.**"

THE AUTHORSHIP OF "THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE."—All our readers will recollect this beautiful monody. But who was the author of it?

A good authority says "the undoubted author of it was Rev. Charles Wolfe, a young Irishman, curate of Donoughmore, who died 1823, in the thirty-second year of his age." In his "*Life and Remains*," not only is the authorship claimed for him, but the following anecdote related concerning it. Lord Byron, Shelley, and some others were engaged one day in an interesting discussion as to the most perfect ode that had ever been produced. Shelley contended for Coleridge's ode on Switzerland; others named Campbell's *Hohenlinden* and Lord Byron's *Invocation in Manfred*. But Lord Byron left the dinner-table before the cloth was removed, and returned with a magazine from which he read this monody, which just then appeared anonymously. After he had read it, he repeated the third stanza and pronounced it perfect, and especially the lines—

"But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

"I should take the whole," said Shelley, "for a rough sketch of Campbell's."

"No," replied Lord Byron, "Campbell would have claimed it had it been his."

Is it not singular that the author of so beautiful a poem should be scarcely known in the literary world as a poet? And yet his claim to the authorship of this monody, it is said, is fully established both by the Archdeacon of Cloghu, who edited his *Life and Remains*, and also by Rev. Dr. Miller, late Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin University, and author of *Lectures on the Philosophy of Modern History*.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE AND TIMES UPON THE TRUE END OF SPEECH, OR TALLEYRAND'S MOTTO.—Not long since the New York Tribune quoted the maxim, that "the true end of speech is not so much to express our ideas as to conceal them," and attributed it to Talleyrand. The Times, thereupon, jogged the literary recollections of its cotemporary, and the Tribune owned up that the maxim should have been credited to Oliver Goldsmith and not to Talleyrand. That Goldsmith expressed the idea is not doubted, and that Talleyrand acted upon it is evident from his whole life. But, we are inclined to think, the idea is older than either of them. An English journal quotes these two lines, written by Young, in allusion to courts:

"Where Nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal their mind."

Voltaire also used the expression as early as 1763. In his satiric dialogue, *La Chapon et la Poularde*, where the former, complaining of the treachery of men, says, "*Il n'emploie les paroles que pour dignifier leurs pensées*"—they do not use words unless to disguise their thoughts. So that it is probable Goldsmith caught the idea from Young, or, more likely, from Voltaire, as Goldsmith, at this date, was just embarking in his career as an author. We should not wonder if the maxim could be traced to a still earlier date, and, very likely, its origin lies farther back toward the origin of thought than we have means to explore.

MISQUOTATIONS.—Strange blunders and perversions often occur by misquotations, especially of the poets. The following is a very current quotation of a well-known couplet of Pope:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen."

The reader's memory will, no doubt, instantly substitute *such hideous* for "so frightful," and *that* for "as."

Sad work is also not unfrequently made, even in high literary quarters, with a well-known couplet of Moore, thus:

"You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang by it still."

Scents hanging by a broken vase! Our readers, we are sure, will agree with us that all the harmony and beauty of the sentiment is utterly destroyed by this misquotation, when we give them what Moore really did say, namely:

"You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still."

Hanging is a harsh, unsuitable term, and smacks of the halter; but *clinging round* is at once expressive and in harmony with the sentiment.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD "GROG."—A funny subject for our note department, but yet not without its interest. It is an illustration of the mode in which many of our English words came into existence. Turning over the leaves of an old book, not long since, we stumbled upon the following account of the origin of this word. The old English Admiral Vernon was a great favorite with his sailors. In bad weather he was in the habit of walking the deck in a rough *grogam* coat; hence he obtained the nickname of *Old Grogam* or *Old Grog* among his jolly

jack tars. While in command of the West India station, and at the height of his popularity, he had the spirits given to men mixed with water instead of leaving them to drink it raw. This beverage became very popular with the men, and, in honor of the Admiral, it was sur-named, by acclamation, "grog." May not the origin of this word account for the fact that it is even to the present time more generally used among sailors to designate that vile beverage than among landmen? We so think and believe.

IMITATIVE WORDS.—The Hottentots, according to Sir Thomas Roe, call their cows Boos, and their sheep Baas. Are not these beautiful instances of imitative words?

Can the English language furnish more striking examples?

COMPARATIVE EFFECTS OF MEDICINE UPON MASTER AND SLAVES.—Thunberg, an old medical practitioner, instances the fact as a curious phenomena in his practice, that his medicines acted uniformly with greater efficacy and certainty upon the slaves than upon their masters. Easily accounted for we should think. The constitutions of the slaves were not so much impaired by improper diet and high living as those of their masters. Then, also, the slaves were not accustomed to medication for slight ailments, and their bodies had not become habituated to the contents of the apothecaries shops.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

HEATHEN NOTION OF BAPTISM.—One day a *savage* maiden being dead after she had been baptized, and the mother happening to see one of her slaves at the point of death also, she said, "My daughter is gone alone into the country of the dead among the *Europeans*, without relations and without friends. Lo, now is the spring-time; she must, therefore, sow *Indian* corn and gourds. Baptize my slave," added she, "before she dies, that she may go also into that country whither the souls of the *Europeans*, after their death, go, to the end she may serve my daughter there."

A PATRIARCH LOCATED.—A clergyman, preaching a sermon on a particular patriarch, was extremely high in his panegyric, and spoke of him as far excelling every saint in the calendar. He took a view of the celestial hierarchy, but in vain: he could not assign to his saint a place worthy so many virtues as he possessed—every sentence ended thus:

"Where, then, can we place this great patriarch?"

One of the congregation, tired at last of the repetition, exclaimed:

"As I am going away, you may put him in my pew."

HOC INCIPIT.—Many very ancient works have no title-pages, but commence thus, *Hoc incipit*, etc. A gentleman of more ambition than capacity, coming into possession of such a volume, had it very handsomely bound, and caused it to be lettered thus, "Works of *Hoc Incipit*. Rome, 1400."

LETTING OUT A COAT AND VEST.—An Irish tailor, making a gentleman's coat and vest too small, was ordered to take them home and let them out. Some days after, the tailor told the gentleman that his garments happening to fit a countryman of his, he had *let them out* at a shilling per week.

GENIUS AND TALENT.—The most striking feature in the history of Genius, is its courage. Talent, on the contrary, is distinguished chiefly by its caution. The one goes forth, totally regardless of its costume, under the impulse of a glorious presage. The other never suffers itself to be seen, till it has made its toilet, under the guidance of a becoming taste.—*Simms*.

A HINT TO THE MARRIED.—"I have heard," says Mr. Henry, "of a married couple, who, though they were both of a hasty temper, yet lived comfortably together by simply observing a rule on which they had mutually agreed, 'Never to be both angry together.'" And he

adds, that an ingenious and pious father was in the habit of giving this advice to his children when they married:

"Doth one speak fire, t'other with water come;
Is one provoked, be t'other soft and dumb."

A REASON FOR LONG SERMONS.—We apprehend a great many sermons, written as well as extempore, are made *long* because their authors are too lazy to condense their matter and make them *short*. There was once a clergyman in New Hampshire noted for his long sermons and indolent habits. "How is it," said a man to his neighbor, "that Parson ———, the laziest man living, writes these interminable sermons?" "Why," said the other, "he probably gets to writing and is too lazy to stop."

DIED OF WANT.—The following epitaph would be appropriate for the monument of every miser:

Here, crumbling, lies beneath the mold,
A man whose sole delight was gold;
Content was never once his guest,
Though thrice ten thousand filled his chest.
For he, poor man, with all his store,
Died in great want—the want of more.

CURIOUS CHINESE PROVERBS.—The ripest fruit grows on the roughest wall. It is the small wheels of the carriage that come in first. The man who holds the ladder at the bottom is frequently of more service than he who is stationed at the top of it. The turtle, though brought in at the area gate, takes the head of the table. Better be the cat in a philanthropist's family, than a mutton pie at a king's banquet. The learned pig didn't learn its letters in a day. True merit, like the pearl inside an oyster, is content to remain quiet till it finds an opening. The top strawberries are eaten the first. He who leaves early gets the best hat. Pride sleeps in a gilded crown: contentment in a cotton nightcap.

SHAKESPEARE ON COVETOUSNESS.—*Master*.—I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

Fisherman.—Why as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

PHYSICAL AND MORAL COURAGE.—Physical courage, which despises all danger, will make a man brave in one way; and moral courage, which despises all opinion, will

make a man brave in another. The former would seem most necessary for the camp, the latter for council; but to constitute a great man, both are necessary.—*Colton*.

THE PERFECTION OF CONVERSATION.—The perfection of conversation is not to play a regular sonata, but, like the Eolian harp, to await the inspiration of the passing breeze.—*Burke*.

CAPACITY OF BEING AGREEABLE.—Nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both who, by a very few faults, that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.—*Swift*.

LONGINGS FOR REST.

When I beheld this fickle, trustless state
Of vain world's glory, flitting to and fro,
And mortal men toss'd by troublous fate,
In restless seas of wretchedness and woe,
I wish I might this weary life forego,
And shortly turn unto my happy rest,
Where my free spirit might not any more
Be vex'd with sighs that do her peace molest.

OPINIONS OF PHILOSOPHERS UPON BEAUTY.—Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; Domitian said, that nothing was more grateful; Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that 'twas a glorious gift of nature; and Ovid calls it a favor bestowed by the gods.

THE CRITERION OF TRUE BEAUTY.—The criterion of true beauty is, that it increases on examination; of false, that it lessens. There is something, therefore, in true beauty that corresponds with right reason, and is not merely the creature of fancy.

WHAT SHAKESPEARE SAYS OF BEAUTY.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining glass, that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.
And as good lost, is sold or never found,
As fading gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So Beauty blemish'd once, forever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

CURING BASHFULNESS.—As those that pull down private houses adjoining to the temples of the gods, prop up such parts as are contiguous to them; so, in undermining bashfulness, due regard is to be had to adjacent modesty, good-nature, and humanity.—*Plutarch*.

TWO KINDS OF BASHFULNESS.—There are two distinct sorts of what we call bashfulness: this, the awkwardness of a booby, which a few steps into the world will convert into the pertness of a coxcomb: that a consciousness, which the most delicate feelings produce, and the most extensive knowledge can not always remove.

A TURKISH PARABLE.—A traveler who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable which was told him by a dervise, and which seemed even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing spirit and recording angel. "Every man," says the dervise, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder, and another on his left. When he does any thing good, the angel on his

right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is done is done forever. When he has done evil, the angel on the left shoulder writes it down. He waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows down his head and exclaims, 'Gracious Allah! I have sinned, forgive me!' the angel rubs it out, and if not at midnight he seals it, and thereupon the angel on the right shoulder weeps."

DULL OF COMPREHENSION.—A gentleman traveling inside of a coach, was endeavoring, with considerable earnestness, to impress some argument on a fellow passenger, who was seated in the same vehicle, and who appeared rather dull of comprehension. At length, being slightly irritated, he exclaimed, "Why, sir, it's plain as A B C!" "That may be," quietly replied the other, "but I am D E F."

NAPOLEON'S RESPECT FOR THE APOSTLES.—Napoleon having entered one of the cities of Italy, the churchwardens recommended to him the relics of their church. "Sire, will you deign to take our apostles under your protection?" "Your apostles; are they of wood?" "No, sire." "Of what are they, then?" "Of silver, sire—of solid silver." "Solid silver!" replied Napoleon, quickly; "yes, I shall help them to fulfill their mission; it has been ordained that they should go throughout the world, and they shall." Having said so, the Emperor sent the twelve apostles to the mint at Paris.

RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE.—The noblest act ever put on a statute-book in the world is this drawn up by Roger Williams: "All men may walk as their conscience persuades them, every one in the name of God. And let the lambs of the Most High walk in this colony without molestation in the name of Jehovah, their God, forever and ever."

A QUICK REPARTEE.—Governor Morris, of New York, had a high respect for Bishop Moore, a man noted not only for the purity of his character, but also for the retiring modesty of his disposition, and for the general favor in which he was held. As the story ran: A dinner was given by some one of Governor Morris's friends when he was about departing for Europe. Bishop Moore and his wife were of the party. Among other things that passed in conversation, Mr. Morris observed that he had made his will in prospect of going abroad; and, turning to Bishop Moore, said to him:

"My reverend friend, I have bequeathed to you my whole stock of impudence."

Bishop Moore replied:

"Sir, you are not only very kind, but very generous; you have left to me by far the largest portion of your estate."

Mrs. Moore immediately added:

"My dear, you have come into possession of your inheritance remarkably soon."

WHAT WE WANT.—The following lines were found at the bottom of a vote for alderman at a late election in Boston:

Experience, that's stood the test;
Conscience, to say what's right;
Intelligence, to know what's best;
Backbone, to stand the fight.

CICERO.—The great Roman orator was one day sneered at by one of his opponents, a mean man of noble lineage, on account of his low parentage. "You are the first of your line," said the railler. "And you," replied Cicero, "are the last of yours."

Editor's Table.

LITERARY WOMEN OF AMERICA.—We commence in this number a series of articles which we trust will be both interesting and profitable to our readers. We give no promise to continue the series unbroken, but shall insert them as time and opportunity enable us to get them up. Nor can we promise that each one shall be accompanied by a portrait; but this will be done as frequently as possible—probably in most cases. On the whole, we hope to give our readers a pretty fair introduction to the "literary women of America." Among them will be some whose names are already as household words, but whose history and likeness will be all the more acceptable on that account. Young as our country yet is in literature and science, she already exhibits a noble catalogue of literary women—some of whom have won literary honors in the old as well as in the new world.

THE ENGRAVINGS for this number, we trust, will be more than acceptable.

Charleston is another of our city views. It—not the view, but the city—stands prominent among the cities of the south for its commercial and political importance, as well as for its population. As Paris is the "eye of France," so Charleston is "the eye" of South Carolina. The city is situated on a peninsula, formed by the confluence of Astley and Cooper rivers, which unite immediately below it, and form a spacious and convenient harbor. Seven miles south-east from the city, this harbor communicates with the ocean at Sullivan's Island, on which stands old Fort Moultrie. The city is slightly elevated, being only nine feet above the level of the harbor at high tides. It extends from Battery Point on the south northward some three miles, and is of an average width of one and a quarter miles. The principal street is sixty feet wide, and extends north and south through the city in a straight line. It is called Meeting-street. The cross streets run parallel to each other and at right angles to Meeting-street. They run east and west, and from Astley to Cooper rivers. The houses are generally constructed of wood, are kept well painted, and most of them have piazzas extending to the roof, tastefully arrayed with vines and creepers. Within a few years all the houses built within the city limits are required to be built of brick or stone. In the suburbs the houses are surrounded by gardens, planted with orange, peach, and other ornamental and useful trees, and a profusion of vines and shrubbery. Charleston was first settled in 1680. Its population in 1850 amounted to 42,985. There are thirty-five or forty churches in the city; Charleston College is located here, and also the Medical College of South Carolina. It is a great mart for cotton, rice, and tobacco; and connecting, as it does, with a vast interior region by the railroads which radiate from it, and with the ocean by its spacious harbor and bay, it can hardly fail to rise into still higher commercial importance. In a few years probably it will be connected with Cincinnati by a direct line of railroad, and through Cincinnati with all the vast north-west.

The *Portrait of Mrs. Sigourney* will furnish a study to those familiar with her writings. "The more I work on this head," said our artist while engraving, "the more character I discover in it." So would we say to our readers, here is a likeness to be studied, and studied, too,

in connection with her literary history and works, if you would comprehend it. No one, however, can fail to discover lines of thought—we had almost said, of sadness. It always appeared to us that her literary productions seemed to possess a chastened melancholy, and yet hopeful and trustful spirit, which indicated a soul rising, through a divine faith, above some hidden sorrow. Now, from the likeness we receive the same impression. But, without further criticism, we will leave the likeness with our readers.

P. S. We were just about doing as we promised above, when a severely Puritanical friend inquired of us, "Why did you not have Mrs. Sigourney taken with long sleeves?" We answered, "Simply for the reason that she did not have long sleeves on when she was taken." We sought not a Quaker, nor a Presbyterian, nor a Methodist portrait; but a portrait just such as would give a fair and truthful representation of the original.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—We submit to the author of "Lines Addressed to my Mother," that *work* and *earth* do not exactly rhyme; neither do *throne* and *song*; neither do *way* and *eternity*, unless in the last word we understand the orthography of the last syllable to be as we have heard it pronounced—*ay*; that is, *eternitay*.

"A Fragment" has better rhyme than poetry.

"Mary at the Savior's Tomb" and "The Grave a Place of Rest" have not quite the merit we could wish.

"Autumnal Musings" are placed on file for their appropriate season; in the mean time we would like to hear from their author again.

May the author of "Forever" realize his hope of meeting the departed in "the better land!"

"A Vision of War" will not answer.

"The Mississippi" is evidently from an unpracticed hand; in its four stanzas, the word "roll" and "rolling" occurs no less than ten times.

"A Tale of Real Life" closes rather abruptly; but we have it under consideration.

"The Babe in Heaven to its Mother on Earth" is a beautiful conception, but is not very well sustained.

"Address to the Blind" is neither rhetorical nor grammatical; the orthography is also very bad.

"The World is Not a Dreary Waste" is written rather carelessly. We give the second stanza:

"This world is not a dreary waste,
Filled only with tempestuous strife,
Which darker grows, as on we haste,
Adown the troubled stream of life;
But after every cloud departs,
And naught remains of doubt and fear,
Hope's cheering smile illumines our hearts,
And all around is calm and clear!"

"Soliloquy" is too bombastic in style, and its figures are too far fetched. Let the author prune out the exuberant words of imagination, and still continue to exercise his pen.

"Reflections at the Grave of Edith" will hardly pass.

"Christ is All I Want" we shall also have to lay aside; it needs some pruning.

"Apostrophe to the Sun" and "Graves of the Sleeping"—each possess some excellences, but not enough to warrant their insertion.

"The Birth of Christ" has hardly poetic merit enough, but we would encourage the author to use her pen.

The authors of "Morning," and also "A Western Home," are too inexperienced, and need not a little exercise before they begin to write for the Repository.

Of the poem commencing, "Tis autumn now," we insert just *one quarter*. Whatever may be said of its logic, it is the best *quarter* so far as poetry is concerned:

"If autumn would stay
Forever away,
And summer eternal abide,
No herbage would fade,
Nor carpet be laid
Of leaves all withered and dried."

EXCERPTA FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—A kind friend commends us after the following style:

"Mr. Editor,—Your 'slaughter of poems and poets' in the last number of the Repository was, I think, a happy 'lick,' if you will allow one so young and inexperienced to commend your labors and wisdom. Many a poor fellow who can make words jingle addles his mind with the idea that he is a poet, and spends his life 'grinding out' miserable doggerel. Happy, indeed, would it have been for him if his 'poetic genius' had been 'nipped in the bud.'"

Now, who would have thought that our friend who had so little sympathy with slaughtered poets should wind up by commending *himself* to our *auto da fe*?

"A Reader of the Repository" is "down upon" us in the following style:

"Dear Sir,—We have the delightful privilege of reading and receiving instruction from the Ladies' Repository. We think it the best magazine in the country, especially for the ladies. But in the last number—November number—we found one thing that we deem exceptionable, and would not recommend it in any literature, and much less in a work devoted to religion—and we mean the marrying of cousins, *really* or *fictitiously*. Now, we think the story or article entitled 'Now' one of affecting and thrilling interest. But to have that fine girl Grace Sewall marry her cousin just clips off some of the good of that article. But to have the unsullied pages of the Ladies' Repository disfigured thus, we don't like it; for we deem it corrupt literature, and will have the tendency to make the young fair girls, readers of the Repository, think there is no harm in it. Why, the Marys and Julias, Susans and Ettas—the warm-hearted, impulsive ones—will be marrying their handsome cousins—ay, and their grandfathers and uncles, by and by, too! Now, we know it is a sin—a sin against our moral and physical natures—to *really* marry a cousin, and we can see the direful effects of it in most any community. And when there is not the least reason to employ this *sinful practice* in a fictitious story, I think it better be abandoned as silly, if not sinful. Now, Mr. Editor, just tell your able correspondent not to mar the Repository and offend its readers by mixing up or mingling together consanguineous blood by affinity."

Now, all you who are inclined to marry cousins, take warning and desist—or, at least, *pay a good fee to the officiating clergyman*.

N. B. We directed our printer not to follow the beautiful *orthography* of our correspondent, lest it might seem to be a reflection upon the inaccuracies of Noah Webster.

MISCELLANY.—*Quill Pans*.—The editor of the New York Mirror lately published a most lugubrious "Lament over

the epidemic of steel-pens." A few days thereafter he was greeted with a beautiful casket of genuine quill-pens prepared for use, and accompanied by the following sonnet from Mrs. Sigourney:

"Pens to a post! Give the sage
Lone cell and philosophic page—
Give for the merchant's toll and pain
The weekly balance-sheet of gain—
Give to the warrior, clarion-cry,
And shouting host, and victory—
Give to the miser, in his hold,
The secret sound of ringing gold—
Give to the statesman power and place—
To the lover, give his lady's grace—
But give the poet pens for use
Plucked from the pinions of a goose,
And he shall teach you flights sublime
No wing of bird hath dared to climb."

Incidents of the Money Panic in Cincinnati.—The present winter was ushered in with a great financial panic. All the banks seemed to be "going by the board;" and those who were so unfortunate as to have any money, and especially those who were so doubly unfortunate as to have their money deposited in the banks, were in great excitement. The painfully depressing scene that ensued in "the Wall-street of Cincinnati," when thousands of depositors were literally blocking up the street in front of the banking-houses that were barred against them, was somewhat enlivened by incidents—some ludicrous, others painful, but all of them instructive. We have gleaned a few of them:

A person known for his miserly propensities drew some hundreds out of the Central Bank. Some wags persuaded him that the notes he had obtained were not safe, and already rumors were current that the banks which had issued them were about suspending. He was further told that some well-known pickpockets had been watching him, and that he had better look out or he would be knocked down and robbed. As may be supposed, this news harassed him very much, and after sauntering about an hour or two, with the money tightly clutched in both hands, he again deposited it in the bank.

About noon one day a man was seen hurriedly approaching one of the suspended banks. He wore no coat, the sleeves of his "check-shirt" were rolled up to the elbows, his face was covered with iron-dust, and he bore every appearance of being one of those ever-busy, toiling mechanics, whose every cent is earned by the sweat of the brow. Approaching the bank-door he was stopped by a policeman.

"Can I not get in?" he asked.

"No, sir—the bank is closed," was the reply.

"Closed!" he exclaimed, while his heart throbbed with heavy beats. "Gentlemen, this is too bad. For twenty years have I been toiling hard to get a home; but the harder I work, the further I am from accomplishing my desire. The savings of five years I was swindled out of by a pretended friend, and now the savings of fifteen years are lost in this concern. Can a working man be protected in any way?"

A circular was placed in his hands, setting forth why the bank had suspended, and assuring depositors that they would be paid, principal and interest, in full. He sat down and read it carefully, shook his head as if he thought the statement all sham, and left as hurriedly as he came.

"This is a burning shame!" exclaimed a young man, on Third-street, in the afternoon. "I work honestly for

my living, and I ought to be honestly paid. Saturday night I drew thirty dollars from my employers, and here it is, [showing thirty dollars in Circleville paper,] not worth fifty cents on the dollar to-day. Is not this downright robbery, willful plunder? The working men have no rights now, but, like sheep, must lay down and be shorn at the will of their masters, the capitalists."

"Don't block up my door, gentlemen," said a broker to the crowd listening to the above.

"Block up your door?" continued the young man. "It would be better for the people if all shaving-shops like yours were blocked up, so that no one could enter." Laughter all around.

A young man, during the run on T. S. Goodman & Co.'s bank, drew out of the said bank one hundred and thirty-five dollars. While standing in the crowd listening to what was said in regard to monetary affairs, and boasting of being successful in drawing his money, some member of the light-fingered gentry robbed him of his roll of money, leaving him worse off than he was before.

One day a rag-gatherer made his appearance at the door of one of the closed banks. Finding he could not gain admission, he gave way to the most violent expressions of grief. One would suppose from his appearance that he was not worth a dime in the world; but, displaying his account-book to an individual who attempted to console him, it was discovered that he had several hundred dollars on deposit. Last winter this same individual applied to the poor authorities for relief, and owing to his extreme poverty was supplied with fuel.

Speak not Harshly.—The genial and beautiful sentiment expressed in the following stanzas we commend to all:

"Speak not harshly—much of care
Every human heart must bear;
Enough of shadows darkly lie
Veiled within the sunniest eye.
By thy childhood's gushing tears,
By thy griefs of after years,
By the anguish thou dost know,
Add not to another's woe.

Speak not harshly, much of sin
Dwelleth every heart within;
In its closely covered cells
Many a wayward passion dwells.
By the many hours mispent,
By the gifts to errors lent,
By the wrongs thou didst not shun,
By the good thou hast not done,
With a lenient spirit scan
The weakness of thy fellow-man."

God of my Mother.—Rev. Charles Morgan, of East Troy, Wisconsin, in giving an account of a religious revival in that place, says: "An infidel of talent and respectability, under the power of truth, bowed upon his knees, and cried in agony, 'God of my mother, have mercy on me!' His mother is a devoted Christian in the state of New York." "God of my mother!" How much is revealed in that simple exclamation! how conclusively it proves that this man had a mother whose faithfulness left its impress on his soul too deep to be obliterated by time and sin!

Intermediate State of the Dead.—Our acknowledgments are due to the editor of the "Bible Examiner" for the several numbers of that work containing a review of our articles upon the "Intermediate State of the Dead," in the May and June numbers of the last volume. The reviewer applies himself lustily to the work of upsetting

what he considers the monstrous doctrines of those articles. He employs criticism, reason, and also a little of what appears to us to be nonsense; sometimes he is grave, and sometimes he is facetious. In the main, however, it is an honest, candid, and earnest review. We have but little comment to make upon it; indeed, we believe we will make no comment on it at all. The articles have gone through the fire so bravely that we will just leave them to their fate. It will, we opine, be a long time before the Christian world, with an open Bible in their hands, will be brought to receive the revolting doctrine, that the soul dies with the body, and is in utter unconsciousness from death till the resurrection.

By the way, we are not a little gratified that those articles have been a source of religious comfort, as well as a means of clearer insight and of stronger confirmation to a large number of persons. More than a dozen letters, as well as other indications, have been a pleasing evidence of this.

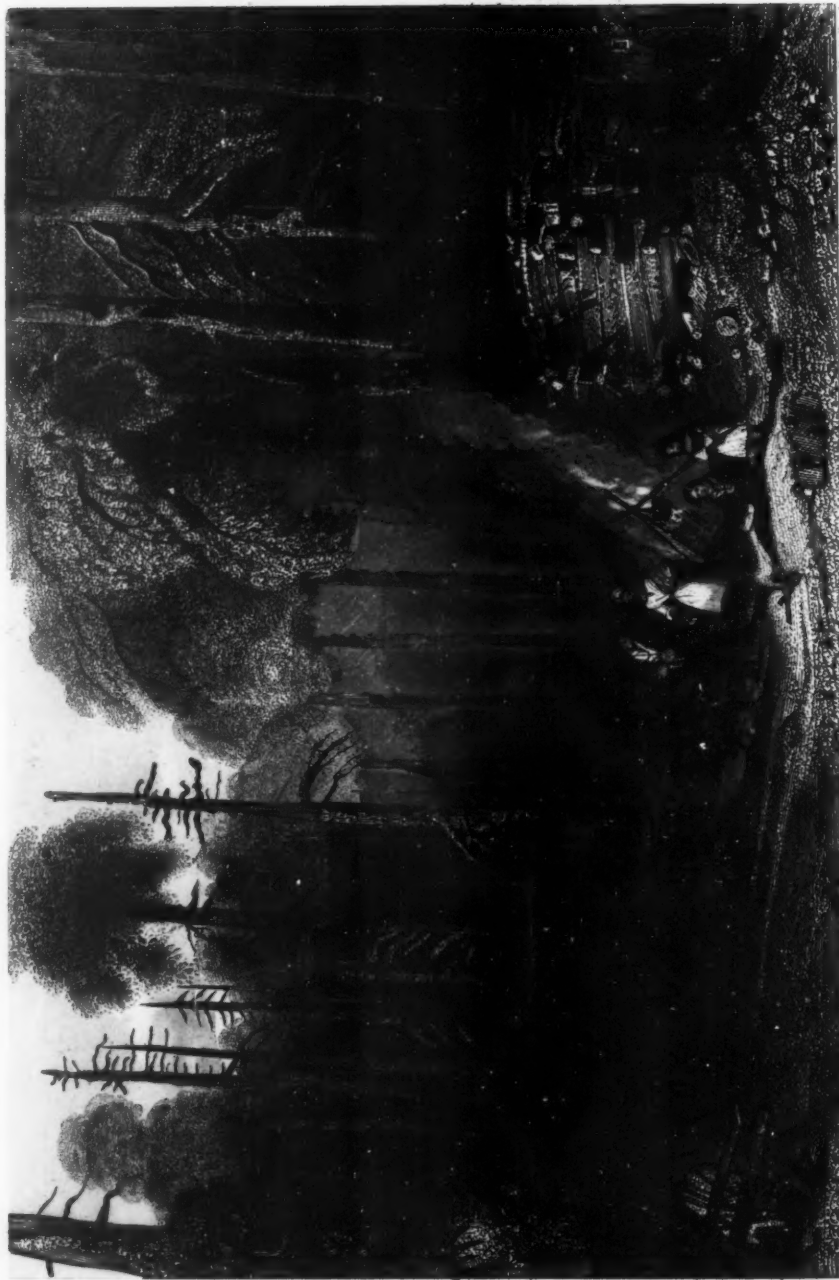
STRAY GEMS.—A good conscience is sometimes sold for money, but never bought with it. . . . Be slow to choose a friend, and slower to change him; be courteous to all. . . . Do good and throw it into the sea; if the fishes don't know it, God will.—*Turkish Proverb.* . . . More flies are caught with a drop of honey than by a hog'shead of vinegar.—*Id.* . . . Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it. . . . Love of children is always the indication of a genial nature, a pure and unselfish heart. . . . Never make that man your friend who hates bread, music, or the laugh of a child.—*Lavater.* . . . He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with himself or with others. . . . Many a fool has passed for a clever man, because he has known how to hold his tongue; and many a clever man has passed for a fool, because he has not known how to make use of it. . . . The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance; it is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the texture of life.

OUR PROSPECTS.—Not our personal prospects, dear reader, but the prospects of the Repository were never brighter than at the present moment. The subscriptions are coming in nobly—far in advance of last year even. At the Depository in Chicago no less than three thousand—an increase of four hundred on last year—were ordered before the close of December, with a good prospect of several hundred more. Our brethren in that region really seem determined to rival New York in this respect. Well, it rejoices us to know that the Repository is so firmly entrenched in the hearts of the people that even the "hard times" can not dislodge it. We believe, too, that our brother ministers have never before exerted themselves so efficiently in its behalf. It affords unbounded pleasure to say this, and to express our gratitude for this interest.

But, brethren, friends every-where, you have been over the field once, and have gathered a noble harvest; but now, will you not glean a little? We want TWENTY THOUSAND—nothing short of twenty thousand subscribers; so that our stout old conservators of financial affairs—Swormstedt & Poe—may have no occasion to grumble at our enlargement and improvements. What say you, friends—shall the TWENTY THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS be made up?

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THE
COUNTRY
OF THE
FUTURE

WESTERN CLEARING

Madison, Wisconsin, 1880

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W. H. Burrows, Del.



EARLY PIETY.

"Thy Word have I hid in mine heart." Psalm 119.

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